

From the Quarterly Review.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By JOHN LORD HERVEY. Edited, from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.

IT has been known, ever since Walpole published his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors in 1757, that John Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of Pope, had left memoirs of the court of George II.; and it was stated by Bowles, in his edition of Pope, 1806, that Lord Hervey's dying injunction must prevent their appearance during the lifetime of George III. That injunction, however, was not Lord Hervey's, but contained in the will of his son Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, whose nephew, the first marquis, now at last, twenty-eight years after the death of George III., authorizes the publication. Mr. Croker's fitness for the editorial task had no doubt been suggested by his edition of Lady Hervey's Letters, 1821. That lady (the famous Mary Lepell) survived her lord for many years, and several of her friends, among others probably Lord Hailes and Horace Walpole, had been allowed by her to peruse parts of the memoirs; but Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as "written with great freedom," hinted that whenever they appeared the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be "revealed to posterity"—and that promise is not redeemed in the text now given to the world.

The explanation of this seems to be, that the marquis, upon the expiring of the testamentary injunction, examined the MS. with a view to publication, and not only conceived that a still longer suppression would be expedient, but that some of its contents ought never to be revealed at all. His lordship accordingly cut out and burnt various passages; and as he was careful to mark the place and extent of each laceration, the editor concludes from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. It is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; for it is evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical inquirers will now be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's Memoirs show that the parental animosity did go so far as to contemplate, if possible, his actual disinheritor:—an extravagance alleged by Frederick himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of *Prince Titi*, but not heretofore confirmed by any better authority.

It is to be wished that the noble owner of the
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MS. had consulted some experienced literary adviser before he made irremediable mutilations, some of them possibly of no ordinary importance. Mr. Croker tells us he has altered nothing of the text confided to him except words or phrases not compatible with modern notions of decorum—a liberty which every recent editor of old letters or journals has (or ought to have) exemplified. No man can be justified in publishing for the first time gross indecencies; and expressions that have this character to every modern eye abounded in the familiar intercourse, oral or epistolary, of the purest men and even women a hundred years ago—as well as in the most classical literature of their age. But Mr. Croker felt that this is a very nice and difficult part of an editor's task. To omit such things wholly and leave no indication of them—is really to destroy historical evidence both as to individual character and national manners. His rule has been "to suppress, but not to conceal." We are to take it for granted, then, that wherever we see editorial asterisks or brackets there was heinous offensiveness—for the text, as we have it, is still "written with great freedom" in every sense of that word. We doubt not Mr. Croker's discretion; but there is no small risk, especially in these days of blue-stocking activity, that the scruples of delicacy may be indulged to the serious damage of historical testimony—and we venture to suggest that among all our book-clubs there might well be one to perpetuate un mutilated copies of private memoirs and correspondence. The plan of limited impressions, kept exclusively for a small circle, might in this case be serviceable to purposes of real value.

These memoirs extend over the first ten years of George the Second's reign, (1727–1737,) during seven of which the author was domesticated in the palace. Of his personal history before they commence, and after their conclusion, we have even now rather slender information; but Mr. Croker has probably given us all that the world will ever have. He has certainly added a good deal to what we formerly possessed, and, we think, enough to prepare us very tolerably for the appreciation of Hervey's posthumous narrative, as well as to render intelligible not a few hitherto dark allusions in the prose and the verse of his friend Lady Mary Wortley, and their common enemy, Pope.

John Hervey, the second son of the first Lord Bristol, was born in 1696. His father, the representative of an ancient and wealthy family, was one of the leading whig commoners at the revolution, created a peer by Queen Anne in 1703 through the influence of Marlborough, and rewarded for his Hanoverian zeal by the earldom on the accession of George I.: a man of powerful talents, elegant accomplishments, and unspotted

worth in every relation of life, but not without a harmless share in that hereditary eccentricity of character which suggested Lady Mary Wortley's division of the human race into Men, Women, and Herveys. After his elevation in 1714 he appears to have lived constantly at his noble seat of Ickworth, in Suffolk, where he divided his active hours between his books, his farm, and his country sports, and solaced his leisure with eternal grumblings. The peerage—the earldom—sufficed not; he would fain have had political office, and since this was not tendered him, he would take no further share in the business of parliament. His wife was a lady of the bedchamber to Caroline both as Princess of Wales and as Queen of England, and four of his sons, as they grew up, were provided for by royal favor, two of them with places in the household; but still he grumbled; and though the most distinguished of his progeny inherited few or none of his virtues, he imitated and exaggerated all the good man's foibles.

Lord Bristol's eldest son, Carr Lord Hervey, was early attached to the household of the Prince of Wales, (George II.,) and is said by Walpole to have been endowed with abilities even superior to those of his brother John. He died young and unmarried; but his short life had been very profligate. According to Lady Louisa Stuart, (in the *Anecdotes* prefixed to the late Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley's works,) it was generally believed that Carr was the real father of Horace Walpole, and besides various circumstances stated by Lady Louisa in corroboration of that story, it derives new support from the sketches of Sir Robert Walpole's interior life in the memoirs now before us, but still more, perhaps, from the literary execution of the memoirs themselves, and the peculiar kind of talent, taste, and temper which they evince. If the virtuoso of Strawberry Hill was not entitled to a place in Lady Mary's third class, he at least bore a most striking resemblance to those of that class with whom she was best acquainted; and certainly no man or woman—or Hervey—ever bore less likeness than he did, physically, morally, or intellectually, to the *pater quem nuptiæ demonstrabant*.

John Hervey, on leaving Cambridge in 1715, travelled for some little time on the continent, and then, not immediately succeeding in his application for a commission in the guards, attached himself to the "young court" at Richmond, where the prince and princess had his mother and brother already in their household. Caroline was then a little turned of thirty, comely, high in health and spirits, and, besides the Chesterfields, Scarboroughs, Bathursts, the Howards, Bellendens, and Lepells of her proper circle, had also in her neighborhood and confidence Pope and the minor literati of his little brotherhood. Lady Mary Wortley, too, occupied a villa at Twickenham. To all this brilliant society John Hervey found ready access, and he soon became one of its acknowledged lights; his person was eminently handsome, though in too effeminate a style—his wit piquant—his literature,

considering his station and opportunities, very remarkable—his rhymes above par—his ambition eager—his presumption and volubility boundless—his address and manners, however, most polished and captivating. He by and by stood very high in the favor of the princess and, perhaps, for a season, in the fancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope received and cultivated him with most flattering attention, but in what bitter hostility that connection ended is known to everybody—although it is not to this hour clear in how far the change in Pope's feelings towards Hervey was caused or quickened by a change in the relations between Lady Mary and

"Tuneful Alexis, by the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' *plaything* and the Muses' pride."

In 1720 John Hervey married the flower of the maids of honor, Miss Lepell, and, Carr dying in 1723, they became Lord and Lady Hervey. In 1725 he was returned for Bury, and, following the lead of "the young court," joined Pulteney in the opposition to Walpole. No early speeches are recorded, but it appears from a letter included in these Memoirs, that Sir Robert soon conceived a respect for his ability and a desire to convert him. In 1727 George I. died, and, the new king speedily adopting the minister whom he had as prince abhorred, Lord Hervey naturally took a similar course. He received a pension of 1000*l.* a year, deserted Pulteney, and supported Sir Robert in the house of commons, but still more efficiently by a series of pamphlets against Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the other wits of the "Craftsman;" but his father not having been converted, the change in the son's politics cost him fresh grumblings, and by-and-by the son himself grumbled audibly. No difference in politics, nor in still more weighty matters, ever disturbed the affectionate confidence between them. Lord Hervey talked of giving up his pension unless Walpole would give him place. "Quite right," said the Earl of Bristol; and added generously, "whenever you choose to drop it I will give you an equivalent myself." However, the grumbling never took the shape of resignation, and at last, shortly after a foolish duel with Pulteney, Hervey received the key of vice-chamberlain, at which point (1730) the peculiar interest of these Memoirs begins.

That office in those days implied constant residence in the palace, and, of course, as his wife had ceased on her marriage to have any post in the household, something very like a virtual separation *à mensâ et thoro*. Such conditions would have seemed hard enough in 1720:

"For Venus had never seen bedded
So handsome a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell!"—

and they were then as fond as graceful; but by 1730 there seems to have been no particular difficulty. Hervey indeed had spent the year 1729 in Italy *en garçon*—an excursion which left such traces in his tastes that several years later Lady

Mary Wortley calls him, for shortness, "*Italy*." Lady Louisa Stewart (*Anecdotes*, p. 66) says, "that *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sévigné advises us to peep at, would have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey lived together on very amicable terms—as well-bred as if not married at all, according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one." On this Mr. Croker says:—

As Lady Hervey was going out of the world as Lady Louisa came into it, she could not have spoken from any personal knowledge; and one or two slight touches of her grandmother's satirical gossiping pen are too slight to affect a character so generally respected as Lady Hervey's.—Vol. i., p. xvii.

But in this instance, as in several others, our editor is perhaps too ingenious. It is true that Lady Mary died in 1762, when Lady Louisa was in the nursery; but Lady Mary's daughter, the Countess of Bute, survived till 1794—and who can doubt that it was to her mother and her mother's coeval friends that Lady Louisa Stewart owed her peeps at the *dessous des cartes* of the Court of George II.? Mr. Croker proceeds to say:—

On the other hand, it is only too clear, from some passages in the following Memoirs, that the gentleman's conjugal principles and practice were very loose, and that his lady, if she had not had an innate sense of propriety, might have pleaded the example and the provocation of her husband's infidelity. And here it may be as well to state that this laxity of morals was accompanied, if not originally produced, by his worse than *scepticism*. How a son so dutiful and affectionate, and resembling a singularly pious father in so many other points, was led into such opposite courses both in morals and religion, we have no distinct trace; but about the time that he exchanged the paternal converse of Ickworth for the society of London and the free-thinking court of the prince, Tindal, Toland, and Woolston were in high vogue, and it is too certain that Lord Hervey adopted all their anti-Christian opinions, and, by a natural consequence, a peculiar antipathy to the church and churchmen.—p. xviii.

All this is very true; but we are sorry to say we think it is quite as plain, from Lady Hervey's letters to the Rev. Mr. Morris, that, if she never had any occasion to plead "the example and provocation of her husband's infidelity," her "innate sense of propriety" could have derived little support from religious principle. (See Letters, pp. 98 and 251.)

Lady Louisa says:—

By the attractions she retained in age she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome, and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge which some called affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.—*Anecdotes*, p. 66.

The Lepells were proprietors of the Island of Sark, where the people are more than half French, and her partiality for French society and manners

was such that she seems never in her later days to have been so happy as in Paris; nay, her correspondents, whenever any battle has occurred between the nations, drop hints that she cannot be expected to sympathize heartily with the English side. We may add from Lady Louisa a singular circumstance, which Mr. Croker has overlooked or rejected. This maid of honor to Caroline, Princess of Wales—this wife of George II.'s vice chamberlain, and mother of three servants of that government—was nevertheless through life in her private sentiments a warm partisan of the exiled Stuarts. We may also observe, though we are far from insinuating that Lady Hervey received Voltaire's personal flattery as readily as we are afraid she did his sceptical philosophy, that this French-English lady had the rare distinction of being the subject of English verses by the author of *Zaire*:—

"Hervey! would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast,
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed;
In my silence see the lover—
True love is by silence known,
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the powers of your own."

Lady Hervey was a woman of both solid and brilliant talents, (we think the editor of her letters speaks less highly of them than they deserve,) and no one doubts that she had many most amiable qualities. She was an excellent mother to a large and troublesome family, and the correspondence of her widowhood expresses both respect and tenderness for her husband's memory. To all these circumstances Mr. Croker will naturally point in support of himself against Lady Louisa's *dessous des cartes*. We have no wish to prolong the controversy—but she and her lord certainly lived together on a footing of confidence "more French than English." To her he left the care of these memoirs. In them he expatiates on some infidelities of his own, earlier and later, interrupted and renewed, with a perfect tranquillity of self-satisfaction; and he quite as coolly recites that both Pulteney and Walpole had made love to his wife, explaining in a tone of the most serene indifference that, though she admired their talents, she did not like either of their persons, and that they were both unsuccessful; and clearly implying, which indeed the course of his history rendered superfluous, that such liberties never at all disturbed his cordiality of intercourse with either the first or the second of his political captains.

Pope, who had often addressed the maid of honor in a style only less impudent than that of Voltaire's stanzas to the married woman, either retained a kindness for her, or fancied that her praise would annoy her husband—for in most of his attacks on Hervey he was careful to introduce her as a contrast. We need not add, that the whole strain of his invective was expressly designed to represent Lord Hervey as one who must be to every woman an object of contempt and disgust.

Whatever the original offence had been, it was Pope who threw the first stone in the eye of the world. The acquaintance appears to have dropped about 1725. In the *Miscellanies* of 1727, and again in the first *Dunciad* of 1728, Hervey was sneered at as a poetaster. In 1732 came out the satire with the contemptuous lines on *Lord Fanny*, and the unquotable couplet on *Sappho*. Upon this, Hervey and Lady Mary laid their heads together in the "Lines to the Imitator of Horace," (Lady M. Wortley's Works, vol. iii.) and Hervey penned the prose philippic against Pope, entitled "Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity;" both these appeared in 1733. To the letter Pope replied in prose—and that production, which Johnson treats very slightly, was estimated far differently by Warburton and by Warton, in whose opinion Mr. Croker concurs as to the brilliant execution of the piece, though he adds that its substance was borrowed from a preceding libel by Pulteney, and repeats Dallaway's just animadversion on the baseness of Pope's denying that by *Lord Fanny* and *Sappho* he had meant Hervey and Lord Mary. Whether Warburton is right in saying that this, certainly the best specimen of Pope's prose, was printed as well as written in 1733—or Mr. Croker in deciding that it was never printed till after Pope's death—is a question that will not greatly interest our readers; though probably most of them will incline to think that Pope's own friend, executor, and first editor could hardly have been deceived as to such a matter, and that when Johnson says "the letter was never sent," the doctor means merely that it never reached Hervey except in the shape of a pamphlet—that it was a letter, not for the post, but for the press. However, in the following year Pope administered a finishing flagellation. We doubt if in the whole literature of modern Europe there is anything to match that awful infliction—on which all the malignity and all the wit of a dozen demons might seem to have been concentrated—the character of *Sporus* in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1734.)

Every syllable, no doubt, did its work at the time; but the reader of the memoirs now before us, and of Mr. Croker's very piquant preface, will understand it far better than has been possible for those who had no clue to its minuter allusions, except what they might find in the notes of Pope's successive commentators. Pope remains the worst-edited of our first-rate authors. Lord Hervey, in 1734, was still only vice-chamberlain; but he was, in fact, of more importance to the government than any member of the cabinet, except the premier, and an attack like this upon him was calculated to give more deadly offence to the real moving power of the state than any possible castigation of any other British subject whomsoever. Sir Robert Walpole only governed George II. by governing Queen Caroline, and he mainly governed her through the influence of our vice-chamberlain—the only gentleman of the household whose duties fixed him from January to December under

the same roof with the queen. A favorite before she was queen, he had not occupied this post long before he had no rival in her confidence. There was not the least scandal; but, as her majesty pleasantly remarked, she owed that escape only to her years. When he received his key in 1730 she was forty-seven—he but thirty-four; and so youthful was his appearance years later, that she still used to call him "this boy." He, to be sure, was made for a carpet-knight; he abhorred all rough out-of-doors work—seldom even mounted a horse—but, the queen always following the king when he hunted at Richmond, in her open chaise, the vice-chamberlain attended her majesty in that vehicle—to which opportunities of confidential talk we owe much. In 1734 he says:—

Lord Hervey was this summer in greater favor with the queen, and consequently with the king, than ever; they told him everything, and talked of everything before him. The queen sent for him every morning as soon as the king went from her, and kept him, while she breakfasted, till the king returned, which was generally an hour and a half at least. She called him always her "child, her pupil, and her charge;" used to tell him perpetually that his being so impertinent and daring to contradict her so continually, was owing to his knowing she could not live without him; and often said, "It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature." Lord Hervey made prodigious court to her, and really loved and admired her.—Vol i., p. 382.

However flattering her favor, and sincerely and affectionately attached to her as Hervey really seems to have been from the beginning, full of admiration as he certainly was for her talents, partaking most of her opinions, and very heartily sympathizing in all her dislikes—it is easy to understand, nevertheless, that he should have by and by considered his fixture in the vice-chamberlainship as a legitimate grievance. His generous father, it is evident, continually made such suggestions to him, and we must infer, from conversations reported and letters inserted in his memoirs, that he himself laid his complaints before Sir Robert Walpole, who evaded them as well as he could by strong expressions of his own personal anxiety for his friend's advancement, coupled with significant hints that the difficulty lay with the king;—a stroke of art on which Walpole must have hugged himself, for the bellicose and uxorious monarch had, in the earlier period, a considerable distaste for the slim chaise-hunter, and his Italian cosmetics—and his majesty was not addicted to conceal his prejudices—and no one knew so well as Hervey that a prejudice of his could never be assailed with the least chance of success except through the queen—and Walpole felt quite sure that Hervey would never attempt to bring that engine to bear upon that particular prejudice, because to tell the queen that it was hard the king stood between him and promotion would have been telling her that there were things in the world which seemed to "her child and charge" more desirable than the hourly enjoyment of her society. The *tone* of the memoirs leaves little doubt that

Hervey was never quite satisfied with Walpole's apologies—but it must have puzzled him to answer them. We have no repetition of the complaints after an early chapter—and thenceforth, though Walpole is occasionally criticised pretty smartly, the king is kept before the reader, page after page, present or absent, as the one great object of spleen and abuse. The narrative stops with the queen's death in 1737; but Lord Hervey must have understood the *dessous des cartes* of his own case in the sequel. Queen Caroline once gone, Walpole soon proposed him for a cabinet office—and the king made no sort of objection. It must have been evident then, that Walpole had kept him in the household for so many years, merely because he was the most convenient instrument he could have had for the most delicate task of his administration—the best sentinel for the *ruelle*—the adroitest of lay confessors for the true sovereign.

But there is a subject of still greater delicacy connected with Hervey's continued toleration of the vice-chamberlainship. Horace Walpole, both in his *Reminiscences* and in his *Memoirs*, mentions as a fact of perfect notoriety that George II.'s youngest daughter, the Princess Caroline,* her mother's favorite child, who was at the date of the appointment a pretty girl of seventeen, "conceived an unconquerable passion for Lord Hervey"—that his death was the cause and the signal for her retirement from the world—that after that to her fatal event she never appeared at court or in society, devoting her time to pious meditation, and most of her income to offices of charity, which were never traced until her own death suspended them. Hervey's *Memoirs* have many passages which imply not only his perfect cognizance of the princess' partiality—but, strange to say, a clear cognizance of it on the part of the queen. But Horace Walpole, no friend to Hervey, and not over squeamish on the subject of unmarried princesses (for he very distinctly intimates that another of the sisters gave ample indulgence to her passion for the Duke of Grafton—which story is also told by Hervey in this book)—Walpole always guards the reputation of the Lady Caroline—he carefully distinguishes her case from that of her elder sister, (who by the way was a friend of his own in after days,) styling her carefully "the virtuous Princess Caroline;" and perhaps there is nothing in Hervey's *Memoirs*, as given to the world, that may not be reconciled with Walpole's epithet as he meant it. The question, at best a painful one, is treated very briefly by Mr.

* Under the Stuart, as all preceding reigns, the daughters of royalty were styled the *Lady Mary*, the *Lady Anne*, and so on; nor was the German innovation of Princess quite fixed in the usage of the time of George II. That king and Queen Caroline were themselves strenuous for the German fashion; their son, the Prince of Wales, on the contrary, among other attempts at popularity, declared himself for the old English *Lady*, and, if he had lived to be king, it would no doubt have been reestablished. Horace Walpole, perhaps in part from his antiquarian feelings—though he hated all Germanisms except Albert Durer and Dresden china—adheres usually to the *Lady Emily*, the *Lady Caroline*, &c. Lord Hervey, of course, takes his cue from Queen Caroline—with him it is always *Princess*.

Croker—who is no great admirer of romance. He observes that the princess' retirement from the world was to be accounted for sufficiently by her grief at the death of her mother and her notorious dislike of her father; that she outlived Hervey by fourteen years; and that Hervey's widow, in her letters to the Reverend Mr. Morris, alludes in terms of special kindness to the Princess Caroline, who is known to have, during her retirement, interfered on various occasions for the advancement of her ladyship's sons. It is not those that have had the best opportunities for observation of the world, and used them with the best skill, who are the readiest to come to a decision on problems of this order. Mr. Croker, when he published the Suffolk papers in 1824, used charitable or at least ambiguous language respecting the nature of the connection between Lady Suffolk and George II. This, we own, appeared to us at the time rather odd—but we felt rebuked when in the *Character of Lady Suffolk* written by Lord Chesterfield, and first published by Lord Mahon in 1845, we found the same subject treated much in the same manner. Although Hervey's *Memoirs* extinguish all doubts about Lady Suffolk, the caution of Chesterfield is a lesson of value; and we may add that in his character of the mother of George III., included in the same publication, there occurs a parallel but fuller passage concerning that princess and Lord Bute, which for its thorough good sense deserves to be well weighed by every reader of court gossip:—

I will not nor cannot decide (says Lord Chesterfield.) It is certain that there were many very strong indications of the tenderest connection between them; but when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs—the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which makes them often be unjustly suspected—and the impossibility of knowing exactly what passes in *lête-à-lêtes*—one is reduced to mere conjecture. Those who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection.—*Mahon's Chesterfield*, vol. ii., p. 471.

We suspect that, if Lady Mary Wortley's poems were properly elucidated, several odd passages would turn out to have reference to Hervey and Princess Caroline. Whether Pope had the princess in his eye as well as the queen when he elaborated his epistle to Arbuthnot, we cannot tell; but if he had, the venom was the more demoniacally brewed.

Hervey was subject to fits of epilepsy; and the ascetic regimen which the shrub-sipper of Twickenham holds up to such contempt, had been adopted and steadily persevered in by one fond of most pleasant things in this world, for the mitigation of that afflicting malady. The "ass's milk" was his strongest beverage: and Lady Louisa Stuart reports a story, that when some stranger one day at dinner asked Lord Hervey, with a look of surprise, if he never ate beef, the answer was—"No, sir—neither beef, nor horse, nor anything of that kind:" a story probably as authentic as that of Beau Brummell and "a pea." Even in the works of Lady Mary there occur some Eclogues on Her-

vey which indicate a sort of dandy not likely, one should have thought, ever to obtain much tolerance with such a critic as her ladyship. Old Sarah of Marlborough describes him as "certainly having parts and wit, but the most wretched profligate man that ever lived—besides ridiculous—a *painted face*;" and Lord Hailes, in his note on the duchess' page, remarks, that Pope's allusion to these cosmetics in the "painted child of dirt" was ungenerous, because Pope must have known that art was resorted to only to soften "the ghastly appearance produced by either the disease or the abstemious diet." We do not see that Lord Hailes' explanation removes the ridicule—the far worse than ridiculousness of what Mr. Croker mildly calls "one of Lord Hervey's fopperies." But let us now look at Pope's portrait with our editor's framing:—

"P. Let *Sporus* tremble—

A. What! that thing of silk?
Sporus! that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings:
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;
 As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way:
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad!
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart—
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord!
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest:
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

Though the substance and many of the sharpest points of this bitter invective, as well as of the prose "Letter," were originally taken from Pulteney's libel, the brilliancy is all the poet's own; and it is impossible not to admire, however we may condemn, the art by which *acknowledged* wit, beauty, and gentle manners—the queen's favor—and even a valetudinary diet, are travestied into the most odious defects and offences. The only trait perhaps that is not either false or overcharged is Hervey's hereditary turn for *antithesis*, which, as the reader of the Memoirs will see, was habitual in both his writing and speaking. His speeches were, as Warton says, very far above "florid impotence; but they were in favor of the ministry, and that was sufficiently offensive to Pope." Smollett too, led away, no doubt, by the satirist, calls his speeches "*pert and frivolous*." Those that have been preserved are surely of a very different character; but *pert* speeches, if such they were, and even the foppery and affectation of a young man of fashion, are very

subordinate offences, while that more serious defect which might have been really charged upon him, and which was strongly hinted at in the "Letter"—laxity of moral and religious principle—has here altogether—or nearly so—escaped the censure of the satirist. Was it too fashionable and too general—or in the eyes of the friend of Bolingbroke too venial—to be made an object of reproach!—*Preface*.

On this commentary we shall not comment at much length. Mr. Croker, we should suppose, hardly expected Pope to dwell on the point of infidelity: and as to the "laxity of moral principle all but escaping," we may content ourselves with hoping that the very name *Sporus* (in the first draft *Paris*) constituted the foulest of calumnies as well as the most atrocious of insults.

With respect to Pope's copying of sharp points from Pulteney's "Craftsman," Mr. Croker seems not to have observed a refinement of the executioner's art in borrowing some hints also from Hervey's own "Lines to the Imitator of Horace." (*Wortley*, vol. iii., p. 384) Thus the butterfly-bug is developed from—

"Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
 To make those tremble who escape the law?
 Is this the *ridicule* to live so long,
 The deathless satire and immortal song?
 No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies,
 And as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies."

Again—nothing can surpass Pope's exquisite felicity in picturing Queen Caroline as *Eve*, and Hervey as the fiend at her ear; but here, too, he had seized the suggestion from his victim:—

"When God created thee, one would believe
 He said the same as to the snake of *Eve*,
 To human race antipathy declare," &c. &c.

And since we quote this piece, let us give also its closing couplets, which, if not travestied by Pope, were more resented than all the rest:—

"Thou, as thou hatest, be hated by mankind—
 And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
 Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
 Wander, like him, accursed through the land."

These verses, it must be confessed, afforded fair provocation for all but the main and pervading idea in the character of *Sporus*. Let us conclude with reminding our readers of the hereditary "eccentricity" in the Hervey family: what that gentle term occasionally indicates is often found in connection with the terrible disease by which this remarkable person was afflicted—and there was no lack of eccentricity in some of his progeny, for one son was the Augustus Hervey who married Miss Chudleigh, (the Duchess of Kingston,) and another was the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry—the celebrated "Comte-Evêque" of the continent, and of Cumberland's entertaining autobiography.

We have kept our readers too long from the Memoirs themselves—but their revelations are such that in fairness to the author it seemed necessary to give a clear idea of his position when he

wrote them, and justice to the people he deals with no less demanded some scrutiny into the character of the witness.

The editor says :—

Lord Hervey himself fairly admits that impartiality in such cases as his is not to be expected, and he justifies that confession to its fullest extent; but while he thus warns us of what we should have soon discovered without any warning—that his coloring may be capricious and exaggerated—no one can feel the least hesitation as to the substantial and, as to mere facts, the minute accuracy of his narrative. He may, and I have no doubt too often does, impute a wrong motive to an act, or a wrong meaning to a speech; but we can have no doubt that the act or the speech themselves are related as he saw and heard them.

I know of no such near and intimate picture of the interior of a court; no other memoirs that I have ever read bring us so immediately, so actually into not merely the presence, but the company, of the personages of the royal circle.—*Preface.*

We are not quite sure that the revelation is more close and intimate than that of the manners of two smaller courts, of nearly the same date, by the Margravine of Bareuth; or that of a far more splendid court, which we owe to St. Simon; but certainly we have no picture of the interior of English royalty at all to be compared with this; and the author having been not only a resident in the palace, but also an active statesman, holding the most confidential intercourse with the minister, and taking a zealous part in parliamentary conflicts and intrigues, his work is enriched with a mixture of interests such as never could be at the command of any one penman under a continental despotism, whether great or small. Since our constitution assumed anything like its present form, it has been a very rare thing for a man of political eminence to be also a domesticated attendant on the person of a British sovereign; we doubt if any other man of public talents nearly equal to Lord Hervey's has ever within that period spent seven years in the daily observation of a royal circle; nor have we as yet had—not even in the Malmesbury papers—a series of political revelations, properly so called, extending over a similar space of time, and executed by a hand so near the springs of action. The combination of court and politics here is, we believe, entirely unique.

The editor proceeds thus :—

Lord Hervey is, may I venture to say, almost the *Boswell* of George II. and Queen Caroline—but a *Boswell* without good nature. He seems to have taken—perhaps under the influence of that wretched health of which he so frequently complained—a morbid view of mankind, and to have had little of the milk of human kindness in his temper. In fact, whether in his *jeux d'esprit*, his graver verses, his pamphlets, or his memoirs, satire—perhaps I might say *detraction*—seems to have been, as with Horace Walpole, the natural bias of his mind. There is, as far as I recollect, in all his writings, no human being of whom he speaks well, or to whom he allows a good motive for anything they say or do, but his father and the *Princess Caroline*. It must be owned few others of his person-

ages deserved it so well: but the result is that all his portraits, not excepting even his own, are of the *Spagnoletto* school.—*Ibid.*

This is, we venture to say, a little too stern. If we had been to select a pictorial parallel, we own Hogarth would have occurred to us rather than Spagnolet. We cannot allow that good motives are wholly denied to Hervey's *Queen Caroline*; he could hardly be expected to be in love with both the mother and the daughter—but we believe that the touches which seem to Mr. Croker the severest were not introduced with any unkindly purpose; nay, that he meant them to be received as ornamental. For example, that overtolerance of the king's irregularities, which, Mr. Croker says, "if truth is ever to be veiled, might have been spared on this occasion," was probably considered by Lord Hervey as a fine trait in his patroness; and if "an impression injurious to the queen's character" results, not from capricious exaggeration of shadow, but merely from faithful transcript of feature, have we a right to blame the pencil?

On that particular trait Mr. Croker afterwards gives us some clever remarks, which we cannot altogether reconcile with his sweeping allegation now quoted. He says :—

The general fact is from many other sources too notorious, but the details are odious. The motive which Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chancellor King suggest for the queen's complaisance—that she did it to preserve her power over her husband—would be, in truth, the reverse of an excuse. But may not a less selfish motive be suggested? What could she have done? The immoralities of kings have been always too leniently treated in public opinion; and in the precarious possession which the Hanoverian family were thought to have of the throne until the failure of the rebellion of 1745—could the queen have prudently or safely taken measures of resistance, which must have at last ended in separation or divorce, or at least a scandal great enough, perhaps, to have overthrown her dynasty; and in such a course her *prudery*, as it might have been called, would probably have met little sympathy in those dissolute times. But even in this case we must regret that she had not devoured her own humiliation and sorrow in absolute silence, and submitted discreetly, and without confidants, to what she could not effectually resist. But neither the selfish motives imputed by former writers, nor the extenuating circumstance, of *expediency* which I thus venture to suggest, can in any degree excuse the indulgence and even encouragement given, as we shall see, on her death-bed to the king's vices; and we are forced, on the whole, to conclude that moral delicacy as well as Christian duty must have had very little hold on either her mind or heart. I have ventured to say (vol. ii., p. 528, *note*) that "she had read and argued herself into a very low and cold species of Christianity;" but Lord Chesterfield (who, however, personally disliked her) goes further, and says, "After puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in *deism*—believing in a future state. Upon the whole the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people, while the *queen* was neither

esteemed, beloved, nor heeded by any one but the king."—*Preface*, p. lxxv.

As both Hervey and Chesterfield were infidels themselves, we might not have trusted implicitly to their representations of the queen's religion; but there is most abundant evidence to support Mr. Croker's own measured language, and no one can object to the manner in which he connects this question with the one immediately before him. As to his regret that the queen did not "submit without confidants"—if she had done so, what could we have ever known of the "humiliation and sorrow" that she had to devour? Must it not have been the natural conclusion that she either disbelieved the facts, or was indifferent to them? And then, no doubt, if we could have known that she did suffer intensely, but had pride enough to suppress all within her own bosom, the result would have been a more heroic impression—but would Mr. Croker have preferred a tragedy queen to the true, authentic, flesh and blood Queen Caroline? Would he have preferred that merely in an artistical point of view? Far more, in the reality of the matter! When tragedy queens are involved in sufferings of this sort, the results are apt to be serious. It will not be apprehensions of separation or divorce, or even the downfall of a dynasty, new or old, that will chain up one of them in "absolute silence." A tragedy will have its fifth act. We for our part are well contented to have the character as it was, rather than any grandiose embellishment of it—any fantastical ideal; and though we think Mr. Croker's conjectural apologies very ingenious, we also think it more probable that the motives he suggests operated in conjunction with the one which he is disposed to reject, than that the "main motive for the queen's complaisance" escaped such observers as Hervey and Sir Robert Walpole—for it is Sir Robert's opinion most undoubtedly that we have reflected both in Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* and in Lord King's diary. But though Mr. Croker, like an illustrious countryman of his, "goes on refining," and is perhaps as fond of historical doubts and theories as Queen Caroline was of Socinian metaphysics, we are far from supposing that he has in this curious Preface given us an exhaustive summary of his conclusions on the point before us. The text of Hervey proceeds from the first page to the last in the unhesitating belief that love of power was Queen Caroline's ruling passion, and, if everybody has some ruling passion, what else could have been hers? She was never even suspected of what the poet makes the only other ruling passion in her sex. And if this was not the pleasure of her life, every one who lays down this book will ask what it was that could have made life endurable to this "very clever woman!"*

When Hervey became vice-chamberlain, the

*We have been speaking of tragedies. The book that was found dabbled with blood by Madame de Praslin's bedside was that delicate specimen of Mrs. Gore's skill entitled "*Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination.*"

king was forty-seven years of age—the queen was her husband's senior by six months—Walpole was fifty-four. Between pens and pencils we are all familiar enough with the outward aspect and bearing of the higher figures in his group:—Walpole, the most dexterous and the most successful of English ministers, with a broad, florid, squire-like face, a clumsy, gross figure set off with a blue ribbon, a strong Norfolk accent—"certainly," says Hervey, "a very ill-bred man"—addicted to and glorying in the lowest low-comedy strain of wit and merriment:—George II., with something of the countenance that still lives among his descendants—the open blue eye, the well-formed nose, and the fresh sanguine complexion—but wanting advantages that have been supplied from subsequent alliances of the race; his figure short, but wiry, well knit, and vigorous—his manner abrupt, brusque, even when he chose to be gallant in ladies' bower—more of the martinet than the monarch; choleric, opinionative, sensitive and jealous of temper—but with a fund of good sense at bottom, and perfect courage and honesty; from vanity and long indulgence the slave of that vice which had degraded the far superior talents of Henry II., Edward I., Edward IV., and Charles II.—but, unlike the ablest of these, seldom allowing any influence connected with such errors to affect his exercise of patronage, and never at all to affect his policy and administration as king; with a strong natural predilection for his native electorate, its people, its manners, and its peculiar interests—and occasionally in word and in writing betraying such feelings to a very unwise extent: but as to them, as on all other subjects but one, quickly reducible to reason and discretion through the patient tact of his queen, who never had any rival in his confidence any more than in his esteem—nay, never even as a woman had any real rival in his affection—not even now, when years had done their usual work on that once very lovable person, and neither form nor complexion were much caricatured in Lady Mary Wortley's picture of her, (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 424)—

"Superior to her waiting nymphs,
As lobster to attendant shrimps."

The following passages occur early:—

She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favorites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favorable answer from our god; storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by

her women—favorites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, and asked—"And who do they say governs now?" The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of those days were composed:—

"You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you."

Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful régime. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it—*consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus*: she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep;) she was forced like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. * * * * * To contradict his will directly, was always the way to strengthen it; and to labor to convince, was to confirm him. Besides all this, he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon those occasions was a sort of iron reversed, for the hotter it was the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression, it was only when it was quite cool. * * * * * For all the tedious hours she spent her single consolation was in reflecting that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country.

His design at first was as Boileau says of Louis XIV.:—

"Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dicux,
Faire tout par sa main et voir tout de ses yeux."

He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; but it was very plain that the queen had subverted all his notions. * * * * * Instead of betraying (as formerly) a jealousy of being thought to be governed by Sir Robert—instead of avoiding every opportunity of distinguishing and speaking to him in public—he very apparently now, if he loved anybody in the world besides the queen, had not only an opinion of the statesman, but an affection for the man. When Lord Hervey (often to try him) gave him accounts of attacks that had been made on Sir Robert in the house, and the things Sir Robert had said in defence and retaliation, the king would cry out, with color flushing into his cheeks, tears sometimes in his eyes, and with a vehement oath, "*He is a brave fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew.*" The queen always joined in chorus: and Lord Hervey, in these partial mo-

ments, never failed to make the most he could of his friend and patron's cause.

The following little sketch of the important evening (9th April, 1733) on which Walpole found himself compelled to give up his excise bill is among the first in which all the three principal figures appear:—

As soon as the whole was over, Lord Hervey went to the queen, to acquaint her with what had passed. When Lord Hervey at his first coming into the room shook his head and told her the numbers, the tears ran down her cheeks, and for some time she could not utter a word; at last she said, "*It is over, we must give way*; but, pray, tell me a little more how it passed." Lord Hervey said, it was not to be wondered at that opponents to this bill should increase when everybody now believed that my Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James' was more numerous than at Dawley. * * * * * Whilst he was saying this the king came in, and the queen made Lord Hervey repeat all he had been saying. The king heard willingly, but that night said very little; he asked many questions, but was much more costive than usual in his comments upon the answers; however, when he asked if he could remember some of those who had swelled the defection that day, as Lord Hervey repeated the names, his majesty tacked remarks to them:—Lord James Cavendish, "*a fool*;" Lord Charles Cavendish, "*he is half mad*;" Sir William Lowther, "*a whimsical fellow*;" Sir Thomas Prendergast, "*an Irish blockhead*;" Lord Tyreconnel, "*a puppy that never votes twice together on the same side.*" There were more in the same style. As soon as Lord Hervey was dismissed he went to Sir Robert Walpole's, who had assembled about a dozen friends to communicate the resolution taken. After supper, when the servants were gone, Sir Robert opened his intentions with a sort of unpleased smile, and saying, "*This dance it will no further go*; the turn my friends will take will be to declare they have not altered their opinion, but that the clamor that has been raised makes it necessary to give way." * * * * * On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his firmest friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could.—Vol. i., p. 198.

Hervey adds:—

Many thought that the queen imagined her power with the king depended at this time on her being able to maintain Sir Robert Walpole, consequently that she looked on his cause as her own; but these conjectures were mistaken: the queen knew her own strength with the king too well to be of this opinion. The future ministry would certainly have been of her nomination, in case of a change, as much as the present, and if they had subsisted, as much at her devotion, for had she found them less so, their reign would not have been long. But it is very probable her pride might be somewhat concerned to support a minister looked upon in the world as her creature, and that she might have a mind to defeat the hope Lady Suffolk might have conceived of being able to make any advantage of the king's seeing himself reduced by the voice of the people to dismiss a man whom her private voice had so long condemned.—Vol. i., p. 213.

It was in the same year, 1733, that the first marriage among the royal progeny was negotiated,

and the details of the whole affair are given in the most pungent style of the favorite "at the ear of Eve." The candidate for the hand of the princess royal (Anne) was the young Prince of Orange, whose position in his own country was then uneasy and unsatisfactory, for he had not obtained the stadtholderate of Holland, and, his property being overburdened, he had but a free income of 12,000*l.* a year. The tone of the English court and of Walpole's adherents in parliament was, that the king listened to the proposal purely out of his anxiety to strengthen the Protestant succession, and to renew the alliance with the race of "the great deliverer;" but, says our author:—

The true reason for this match was, that there was no other for the princess in all Europe, so that her royal highness' option was not between this prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband—between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all.

The princess royal's beauties were a lively, clean look and a very fine complexion, though she was marked a good deal with the small-pox. The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his countenance sensible, but his breath more offensive than it is possible to imagine. These defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor princess so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent warm animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other. There is one of two inconveniences that generally attends most marriages: the one is sacrificing all consideration of interest and grandeur for the sake of beauty and an agreeable person; and the other, that of sacrificing all consideration of beauty and person to interest and grandeur. This match most unfortunately conciliated the inconveniences of both these methods of marrying; however, as she apprehended the consequences of not being married at all must one time or other be worse than even the being so married, she very prudently submitted to the present evil to avoid a greater in futurity. "For my part (said the queen) I never said the least word to encourage or to dissuade; as she thought the king looked upon it as a proper match, she said, if it was a monkey, she would marry him."—Vol. i., p. 274.

We reach presently the ceremonial of the nuptials, from the procession to the Chapel Royal at St. James' to the solemn inspection of the bedding by the whole royal family and the lords and ladies of the household—which last custom was first "honored in the breach" at the marriage of George III.:—

The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper than one could naturally have expected an *Æsop*, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke that flowed all over his back and hid the roundness of it; and

as his countenance was not bad, there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable. But when he was undressed, and came in his nightgown and nightcap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, "*Ah! mon Dieu! quand je vois entrer ce monstre pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m'a assommée. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n'aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu! c'est trop sot en moi, mais j'en pleure encore.*" Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able. He only said, "Oh! Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one's married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes that one looks at it mechanically without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger." "One may, and I believe one does, (replied the queen,) grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one's going blind." The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror of his figure, and great commiseration of the fate of his wife.—Vol. i., pp. 310, 311.

The honeymoon party being windbound for a short time at Gravesend, Hervey repairs thither, and is not a little surprised to find how completely in the course of a few days the blooming bride had let her "monkey" into all the *dessous des cartes* of St. James'. We have here the first allusion to what was, it seems, the main cause of the hatred between Frederick Prince of Wales and Lord Hervey, namely, their rivalry, or rather their community of success, in the loves of one of the queen's maids of honor, Miss Vane, sister of the first Lord Darlington. This nymph had shortly before (1732) "lain in with little mystery in St. James' palace, and the child was publicly christened *Fitz-Frederick Vane*:"—

Here it was, by being closeted two or three hours with the Prince of Orange, Lord Hervey found his bride had already made him so well acquainted with this court, that there was nobody belonging to it whose character, even to the most minute particulars, was not as well known to him as their face. The Prince of Orange had a good deal of drollery, and whilst Lord Hervey was delivering the compliments of St. James' to him, he asked him smiling, what message he had brought from the Prince of Wales? Lord Hervey said his departure was so sudden that he had not seen the prince. "If you had," (replied the Prince of Orange,) "it would have been all one, since he was not more likely to send his sister a message than he was to make your lordship his ambassador." Lord Hervey was a good deal surprised to hear the Prince of Orange speak so freely on this subject, and did not think it very discreet in him. The prince, however, went on, and talked of Miss Vane, and bade Lord Hervey not be too proud of that boy, since he had heard from very good authority it was the child of a tri-

umvirate, and that the Prince of Wales and Lord Harrington had full as good a title to it as himself. Vol. i., pp. 328, 329.

In the second volume there occurs a chasm which, the editor says, marks probably the detail of Hervey's intrigue, quarrel, and subsequent reconciliation with this Miss Vane. These sentences have been spared :—

The manner of the reconciliation was from their seeing one another in public places, and there mutually discovering that both had a mind to forget their past enmity—till from ogling they came to messages; from messages to letters; from letters to appointments; and from appointments to all the familiarity in which they had formerly lived; for when two people have a mutual inclination to meet, I never knew any objection that might arise in their own minds prevent their aiming at it, or any foreign obstacle hinder their accomplishing it.—Vol. ii., p. 20.

Hervey was her great adviser in her negotiations about money with the Prince of Wales, when his royal highness was about to be married, (in 1736,) and he takes the opportunity of recording the letters, dictated by himself, with which she pestered the prince!—a crowning aggravation when the truth came out—for, as kind Lady Mary sings of tying “a cracked bottle to a puppy's tail”—

“For that is what no soul will bear,
From Italy to Wales!”

Miss Vane's child died a year after, and she very soon. All this story Lord Hervey tells in his memoirs, which he bequeathed to his “amicable” wife—and which she transmitted *in statu quo* to his and her children.

Hervey's sketches of his royal rival would, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*, but, if he reports accurately the conversation of the prince's own parents and sisters, his view was entirely the same as theirs. He says :—

The prince's best qualities always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this:—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so.—Vol. i., p. 298.

The amiable state of relations between the prince and the rest of the family is hit off in the miniature below. The princess royal has been paying a visit to her parents in the year after her marriage, 1734, and is now about to return to Holland—very unwillingly, for it had been her and her mother's earnest

wish that she should remain here for her accouchement, but that was overruled on representations from the Hague :—

After a consultation of physicians, midwives, and admirals, it was determined she should embark at Harwich. The queen was concerned to part with her daughter, and her daughter as unaffectedly concerned to exchange the crowds and splendor of this court for the solitude and obscurity of her own. Lord Hervey led her to her coach. She had Handel and his opera so much at heart, that even in these distressful moments she spoke as much upon his chapter as any other. In an hour after Lord H. was sent for as usual to the queen. Lord H. found her and the Princess Caroline together, drinking chocolate, drowned in tears, and choked with sighs. Whilst they were endeavoring to divert their attention by beginning a conversation with Lord Hervey on indifferent subjects, the gallery door opened, upon which the queen said, “Is the king here already?” and, Lord H. telling her it was *the prince*, the queen, not mistress of herself, and detesting the exchange of the son for the daughter, burst out anew into tears, and cried out, “*Oh! my God, this is too much.*” However, she was soon relieved from this irksome company by the arrival of the king, who, finding this unusual guest in the gallery, broke up the breakfast, and took the queen out to walk. Whenever the prince was in a room with the king, it put one in mind of stories one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company, and are invisible to the rest; wherever the prince stood, though the king passed him ever so often or ever so near, it always seemed as if the king thought the place the prince filled a void space.—Vol. i., p. 412.

In a preceding page we had a small allusion to the queen's jealousy of her famous mistress of the robes. The first of these volumes affords a much clearer history of that lady than could be extracted from the “Suffolk Correspondence,” and all the works of Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, &c. &c., to boot. We shall extract only a few passages, in which Hervey describes the feelings and conduct of Queen Caroline in reference to this first avowed favorite of her husband. At his accession (1727) George II. was a man of forty-four—and Mrs. Howard (in 1733 Countess of Suffolk) had reached the serious era of forty :—

an age not proper to make conquests, though perhaps the most likely to maintain them, as the levity of desiring new ones is by that time generally pretty well over, and the maturity of those qualities requisite to rivet old ones in their fullest perfection; for when beauty begins to decay, women commonly look out for some preservative charms to substitute in its place; they begin to change their notion of their right to being adored, into that of thinking a little complaisance and some good qualities as necessary to attach men as a little beauty and some agreeable qualities are to allure them. Mrs. Howard's conduct tallied exactly with these sentiments; but notwithstanding her making use of the proper tools, the stuff she had to work with was so stubborn and so inductile that her labor was in vain, and her situation would have been insupportable to any one whose pride was less supple, whose passions less governable, and whose sufferance less inexhaustible; for she was forced to live in the subject-

tion of a wife with all the reproach of a mistress ; to flatter and manage a man who she must see and feel had as little inclination to her person as regard to her advice ; and added to this she had the mortification of knowing the queen's influence so much superior to hers, that the little show of interest she maintained was only a permitted tenure dependent on a rival who could have overturned it any hour she pleased. But the queen, knowing the variety of her husband's temper, and that he must have some woman for the world to believe his mistress, wisely suffered one to remain in that situation whom she despised and had got the better of, for fear of making room for a successor whom he might really love, and that might get the better of her.—Vol. i., p. 58.

Such was the state of things when Hervey penned his first pages. The mistress of the robes lived, like himself, all the year round in the palace ; yet throughout several of these chapters—(for we evidently have them as written from time to time—no care having been taken to remove the traces of altered sentiment or opinion)—he seems to remain in some little doubt whether the attachment had ever gone so far as to give the queen cause for serious displeasure. By degrees, as his intimacy with the scene and *dramatis personæ* is ripened, all doubts are removed—but we must hasten to the final disruption of 1734 ; in which summer, as already mentioned, the king and queen were visited by the princess royal—for she stuck to that title, and, though she could marry a monkey, would never sink to “Princess of Orange.”

The interest of Lady Suffolk with the king had been long declining. At Richmond, where the house is small, and what is said in one room may be often overheard in the next, I was told by Lady Bristol, mother to Lord Hervey, the lady of the bedchamber then in waiting, (whose apartment was separated from Lady Suffolk's only by a thin wainscot,) that she often heard the king talking there in a morning in an angry and impatient tone. * * * Towards the latter end of the summer Lady Suffolk at last resolved to withdraw herself from these severe trials. The queen was both glad and sorry ; her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed ; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown upon her hands. I am sensible, when I say she was pleased with the removal of Lady Suffolk as a rival, that I seem to contradict what I have formerly said of her being rather desirous (for fear of a successor) to keep Lady Suffolk about the king ; but human creatures are so inconsistent with themselves, that the inconsistency of descriptions often arises from the instability of the person described. The prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies ; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince's discarding a mistress he was tired of. Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace because she wished misfortune to most people ; Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother ; the princess royal was violently for having her crushed ; and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the king's coquetry, of some more troublesome successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to

her mother, nor very respectfully with regard to her father,) “*I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him forever in her room.*” At the same time the king was always bragging how dearly his daughter Anne loved him.—Vol. i., p. 426.

The married daughter's affection and respect for her father are further illustrated in the following sketches :—

The night the news came to England that Philipsburg was taken, the princess royal, as Lord Hervey was leading her to her own apartment after the drawing-room, shrugged up her shoulders and said, “Was there ever anything so unaccountable as the temper of papa ! He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think Philipsburg would be taken ; and this very day that he hears it actually is taken he is in as good humor as ever I saw him in my life.” “Perhaps,” answered Lord Hervey, “he may be about Philipsburg as David was about the child, who, whilst it was sick, fasted, lay upon the earth, and covered himself with ashes ; but the moment it was dead, got up, shaved his beard, and drank wine.” “*It may be like David,*” (replied the princess royal,) “*but I am sure it is not like Solomon.*”

His giving himself airs of gallantry ; the impossibility of being easy with him ; his affectation of heroism ; his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behavior to the queen ; the difficulty of entertaining him ; his insisting upon people's conversation, who were to entertain him, being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again ; in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults, were the topics upon which (when she was with Lord Hervey) she was forever expatiating.—*Ib.*, p. 422.

The laudable anxiety of the princesses, in October, that their father might not allow Lady Suffolk's place to be unsupplied was not much protracted. In the spring of 1735 the king resolved on visiting Hanover. Walpole opposed the plan, but failed—“the queen not being heartily desirous he should succeed ;” that is, as Hervey explains, because her vanity was pleased with the “*éclat* of the regency”—and she had, besides, the delightful anticipation of at least a six months' freedom from the “irksome office” of “being set up to receive the quotidian sallies of the king's temper.”

But there was one trouble arose which her majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favorite. By what I could perceive of the queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the king acquainted the queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action

that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles' distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

Notwithstanding all the queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the king's return put off late in the year she grew extremely uneasy; and, by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she felt more anxiety than she had suffered to appear whilst they were deferred. Yet all this while the king, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes sixty pages, and never less than forty, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the king's own order, who used to tag paragraphs with "*Montréz ceci—et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*"

It was in the same correspondence that Queen Caroline, on her part, had the satisfaction of informing the king that Lady Suffolk had entered into the bonds of matrimony with the Honorable George Berkeley—a keen member of the opposition to Walpole:—

Mr. Berkeley was neither young, handsome, healthy, nor rich, which made people wonder what induced Lady Suffolk's prudence to deviate into this unaccountable piece of folly: some imagined it was to persuade the world that nothing criminal had ever passed between her and the king; others that it was to pique the king. If this was her reason, she succeeded very ill in her design, for the king, in answer to that letter from the queen that gave him the first account of this marriage, told her, "*J'étois extrêmement surpris de la disposition que vous m'avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux goutteux George Berkeley, et je m'en rejouis fort. Je ne voudrais pas faire de tels présens à mes amis; et quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon.*"

Then follows the queen's full détail of all Lady Suffolk's previous adventures—not omitting the grand negotiation about a quieting allowance of £1200 a year to her first husband, and which that spirited gentleman had actually expected to be paid by the queen herself: but no—said the queen—"I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the king's *guenipes* under my roof, but to pay them too."—(Vol. ii., p. 15.)—The king paid the £1200, and the blood of Howard was satisfied.

We are not to suppose that Walpole never, during this period, had any alarm as to the state of his favor at head-quarters—the occasions were few—but we must give a slight specimen:—

Sir Robert Walpole was now in Norfolk, (May, 1734,) pushing the county election there, while the [ministerial] whigs lost by six or seven voices, to

the great triumph of the opposition. After the election was over he stayed some time at Houghton, solacing himself with his mistress, Miss Skerrett, while his enemies were working against him at Richmond, and persuading the king and queen that the majority of the new parliament would infallibly be chosen against the court. Lord Hervey, who was every day and all day at Richmond, saw this working, and found their majesties staggering; upon which he wrote an anonymous letter to Sir Robert, with only these few words in it, quoted out of a play:—

*Whilst in her arms at Capua he lay,
The world fell mouldering from his hand each hour.*

Sir Robert knew the hand, understood the meaning, and, upon the receipt of this letter, came immediately to Richmond. He told Lord Hervey that this was ever his fate, and that he never could turn his back for three days that somebody or other did not give it a slap of this kind. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise, for, as he was unwilling to employ anybody under him, or let anybody approach the king and queen who had any understanding, lest they should employ it against him, so, from fear of having dangerous friends, he never had any useful ones, every one of his subalterns being as incapable of defending him as they were of attacking him, and no better able to support than to undermine him!—Vol. i., p. 334.

It is amusing to have this trace of Hervey's suspicion that the retention of himself in the household office might be connected with a private misappreciation of his talents on the part of Walpole; but he often does more justice to the great minister's natural warmth of feeling. Thus, turn back only ten pages, and we read—

Sir Robert was really humane, did friendly things, and one might say of him, as Pliny said of Trajan, and as nobody could say of his master, "*Amicos habuit, quia amicus fuit.*"—"He had friends, because he was a friend."—Vol. i., p. 324.

On another occasion (February, 1735) the queen having signified a little surprise at Walpole's dejection of manner, Hervey informs her that there is nothing wrong in politics—it is only that Miss Skerrett is ill of a pleuritic fever:—

The queen, who was much less concerned about his private afflictions than his ministerial difficulties, was glad to hear his embarrassment thus accounted for, and began to talk on Sir Robert's attachment to this woman, asking Lord Hervey many questions about Miss Skerrett's beauty and understanding, and his fondness and weakness towards her. She said she was very glad he had any amusement for his leisure hours, but could neither comprehend how a man could be very fond of a woman who was only attached to him for his money, nor ever imagine how any woman would suffer him as a lover from any consideration or inducement but his money. "She must be a clever gentlewoman," continued the queen, "to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man—*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre*—believes her. Ah! what is human nature!" While she was saying this, she little reflected in what degree

she herself possessed all the impediments and antidotes to love she had been enumerating, and that "Ah! what is human nature!" was as applicable to her own blindness as to his. However, her manner of speaking of Sir Robert on this occasion showed at least that he was not just at this time in the same rank of favor with her that he used to be.—*Ib.*, p. 476.

It will not surprise any one to read that Sir Robert's rough and jocose bluntness now and then discomposed his royal patroness. Swift has not caricatured the mere manners:—

"By favor and fortune fastidiously bless'd,
He was loud in his laugh, and was coarse in his jest;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders;
A jobber of stocks by reporting false news;
A prater at court in the style of the stewards."

Thus—when on the king's return from Hanover, in October, 1735, everybody remarked the excessive irritability of his never placid temper, and those in the interior were quite aware that the cause was his separation from Madame Walmoden—Sir Robert, talking over matters with Lord Hervey, said—

He had told the queen she must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence that she had formerly; that three-and-fifty and three-and-twenty could no more resemble one another in their effects than in their looks; and that, if he might advise, she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence. He added another piece of advice, which I believe was as little tasted. It was to send for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good-natured, simple woman, (to whom the king had formerly been *coquet*,) out of the country, and place her every evening at commerce or quadrille in the king's way. He told the queen it was impossible the king should long bear to pass his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's, and that, if the king would have somebody else, it would be better to have that somebody chosen by *her* than by *him*; that Lady Tankerville was a very safe fool, and would give the king some amusement without giving her majesty any trouble. Lady Deloraine, who was very handsome, and the only woman that ever played with him in his daughters' apartment, Sir Robert said was a very dangerous one; a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, a false heart, making always sad work with the smallest degree of power or interest to help them forward; and that some degree of power or interest must always follow frequent opportunities given to a very *coquette* pretty woman with a very *coquet* idle man, especially without a rival to disturb or share with her. Lord Hervey asked Sir Robert how the queen behaved upon his giving her this counsel, and was answered, that she laughed, and seemed mightily pleased with all he said. That the queen laughed, I can easily believe; but imagine the laugh was rather a sign of her having a mind to disguise her not being pleased, than any mark that she was so; and I have the more reason to believe so, as I have been an eyewitness to the manner in which she has received ill-understood jokes of that kind from the same hand, particularly one this year at the king's birth-day, when, pointing to some jewels in her hair, she said, "I think I am extremely fine too, though—alluding

to the manner of putting them on—*un peu à la mode; I think they have given me horns.*" Upon which Sir Robert Walpole burst out into a laugh, and said he believed Mrs. Purcel (the woman who usually dressed the queen's head) was a wag. The queen laughed on this occasion too; but, if I know anything of her countenance, without being pleased, and not without blushing.

This style of joking was every way so ill understood in Sir Robert Walpole, that it was astonishing one of his extreme penetration could be guilty of it once, but much more that he could be guilty of it twice. For in the first place, when he told the queen that the hold she used to have of the king by the charms of her person was quite lost, it was not true; it was weakened but not broken; the charms of a younger person pulled him strongly perhaps another way, but they had not dissolved her influence, though they balanced it. In the next place, had it been true that the queen's person could no longer charm any man, I have a notion that would be a piece of intelligence which no woman would like any man the better for giving her. It is a sort of thing which every woman is so reluctant to believe, that she may feel the effects of it long without being convinced that those effects can proceed from no other cause; and even after she is convinced of it herself, she still hopes other people have not found it out.—Vol. ii., p. 38.

The fair Countess Dowager of Deloraine here mentioned made visible advances in his majesty's good graces. She was at this time in her thirty-fifth year; but, Hervey says, looked ten years younger. She was by birth a Howard—had had many adventures—some very strange ones—and is supposed to have been the "dangerous one" meant in Pope's line—

"Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage."

She had lately married to a Mr. Windham, but kept her place as "governess to the younger princesses." Enter again the courtly premier—

Sir Robert Walpole one day, whilst she was standing in the hall at Richmond, with her little son, of about a year old, in her arms, said to her "That's a very pretty boy, Lady Deloraine; whose is it?" To which her ladyship, before half-a-dozen people, without taking the question at all ill, replied, "Mr. Windham's upon honor;" and then added, laughing, "but I will not promise whose the next shall be." * * * * To many people, from whom it used to come round in a whisper to half the inhabitants of the palace, she used to brag of this royal conquest, and say she thought England in general had great obligations to her, and particularly the administration; for that it was owing to her, and her only, that the king had not gone abroad.—Vol. ii., p. 350.

This was early in 1736. Madame Walmoden, however, was still the great favorite;—for her sake, to the extreme disgust of his daughters' governess, the king revisited Hanover in the following autumn, and—

The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor queen, and railing at his majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of

day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask if he must have a mistress whether England could furnish never a one good enough to serve his turn; and if he thought parliament had given him a greater civil-list than any of his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary expenses of his travelling charges, and enrich his German favorites.—Vol. ii., p. 190.

Walpole finding these recurring absences very inconvenient for business, and being still afraid of Lady Deloraine's gaining a fixed ascendancy here, he and Hervey combine their efforts to persuade the queen to press the king to bring Madame Walmoden home to England with him. It may be supposed that the premier set about this delicate job in no very delicate manner; but he laid the blame elsewhere:—

Sir Robert told Lord Hervey that it was those bitches Lady Pomfret and Lady Sundon, who were always bemoaning the queen on this occasion, and making their court by saying they hoped never to see this woman brought under her majesty's nose here, who made it so difficult to bring the queen to do what was right and sensible for her to do. Lord Hervey replied, "You and I, sir, are well enough acquainted with the queen to know that when she lets a sentiment escape her which she is ashamed of, she had rather one should think it was planted in her, than that it grew there. But, believe me, the greatest obstacle in this kingdom to Madame Walmoden's coming here is the queen's own heart, that recoils whenever her head proposes it."

However, the queen at last complies. She writes to the king that she has had the apartments formerly tenanted by Lady Suffolk put into proper order—nay, that thinking Lady Suffolk had found the accommodation rather scanty, she has had her own library removed, which will give the new comer an additional room adjoining. The king answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, "It is impossible not to wonder at the modesty, and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:"—

This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been written to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship, and affection. He extolled the queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her too she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. "*Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes faiblesses—il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous—et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plut à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer!*" His majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said

that she had told him she relied on the queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their majesties thought fit. * * * Sir Robert Walpole assured Lord Hervey that if the king was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them.

Madame Walmoden, however, did not appear in England until Queen Caroline was no more. Her majesty had for several years suffered from an organic lesion, which the king was aware of, but which was never told, except to Lady Sundon. The symptoms became very serious on Wednesday, the 9th of November, 1737; but the queen persisted in concealing the nature and seat of her danger.

At seven o'clock, when Lord Hervey returned to St. James' from M. de Cambis', the French ambassador's, where he dined that day, he went up to the queen's apartment and found her in bed, with the Princess Caroline only in the room, the king being gone, as usual at that hour, to play in the Princess Emily's apartment. The queen asked Lord Hervey what he used to take in his violent fits of the colic; and Lord Hervey, imagining the queen's pain to proceed from a goutish humor in her stomach that should be driven from that dangerous seat into her limbs, told her nothing ever gave him immediate ease but strong things. To which the queen replied, "Pshaw! you think now, like all the other fools, that this is the pain of an old nasty gout." But her pain continuing in a degree that she could not lie one moment quiet, she said about an hour after to Lord Hervey, "*Give me what you will, I will take it;*" and the Princess Caroline bidding him not lose this opportunity, he fetched some snake-root and brandy.

Next evening, (10th,) whilst the Princess Caroline and he were alone with the queen, she complaining and they comforting, she often said, "*I have an ill which nobody knows of;*" which they both understood to mean nothing more than that she felt what she could not describe, and more than anybody imagined.

On the 11th, Lord Hervey went once or twice in the night, as he had promised, to Princess Caroline; the king sat up in the queen's room, and Princess Emily lay on a couch in Mrs. Herbert's.

On the night of the 12th, Princess Caroline, though herself in very weak health, was in such alarm that she lay in the queen's ante-chamber.

Princess Emily sat up with the queen, the king went to bed, and Lord Hervey lay on a mattress on the floor, at the foot of Princess Caroline's couch. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 13th, the wound had begun to mortify. Hulst (a surgeon) came to the Princess Caroline, and told her this terrible news, upon which she waked Lord Hervey, and told him if ever he saw the queen again it must be immediately. * * Lord Hervey went in with them just to see the queen once more, looked at her through his tears for a moment, and then returned to his mattress.

These passages complete our notion of the extraordinary intimacy in which Hervey lived with the royal ladies. According to Sarah of Marlborough, the king had always hitherto disliked him, but was entirely changed in this respect by his

constant watchfulness and evident distress during the queen's illness. He says himself that he was never out of the sick-room for more than four or five hours at a time, and that he never left the king without being entreated to come back as soon as he could. It is plain that the most delicate (or indelicate) communications between the queen and her family took place in his presence or were forthwith reported to him. Thus, as to the fatal concealment, after stating his "firm belief" that the queen, now aged fifty-four, and after all the affairs of Lady Suffolk, Lady Deloraine, Madame Walmoden, &c., had still been mainly swayed by the fear of losing something in the king's fancy, and consequently in her power over him—he adds,

Several things she said to the king in her illness, which both the king and the Princess Caroline told me again, plainly demonstrated how strongly these apprehensions of making her person distasteful to the king had worked upon her.—Vol. ii., p. 507.

On that Sunday, the 13th,

the king talked perpetually to Lord Hervey, the physicians and surgeons, and his children, who were the only people he ever saw out of the queen's room, of the queen's good qualities, his fondness for her, his anxiety for her welfare, and the irreparable loss her death would be to him; and repeated every day, and many times in the day, all her merits in every capacity with regard to him and every other body she had to do with; that he never had been tired in her company one minute; that he was sure he could have been happy with no other woman upon earth for a wife, and that, if she had not been his wife, he had rather have had her for his mistress than any other woman he had ever been acquainted with; that she had not only softened all his leisure hours, but been of more use to him as a minister than any other body had ever been to him or to any other prince; that with a patience which he knew *he* was not master of, she had listened to the nonsense of all the impertinent fools that wanted to talk to him, and had taken all that trouble off his hands; and that, as to all the *brilliant and enjouement* of the court, there would be an end of it when she was gone; there would be no bearing a drawing-room, when the only body that ever enlivened it, and one that always enlivened it, was no longer there. "Poor woman, how she always found something obliging, agreeable, and pleasing to say to everybody! *Comme elle soutenoit sa dignité avec grace, avec politesse, avec douceur!*"

That afternoon the queen took a solemn leave of the king, her daughters, and the young Duke of Cumberland. Hervey's minute narrative leaves no doubt that she never saw the Prince of Wales during her illness at all—hence the sting of Pope's last tribute to her memory—(the *italics* are his own:—)

"Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest—
All parts performed, and *all* her children blest."

Hervey's account of her farewell to the king is certainly one of the most startling things in this book:—

It is not necessary to examine whether the queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the king, in

case she died, should marry again;—it is certain she did wish it; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes, and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses.*" To which the queen made no other reply than "*Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.*" I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true.

The queen after this said she believed she should not die till Wednesday, for that she had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, and brought to bed of her first child on a Wednesday; she had heard the first news of the late king's death on a Wednesday, and been crowned on a Wednesday. This I own showed a weakness in her, but one which might be excused, as most people's minds are a little weakened on these occasions, and few people, even of the strongest minds, are altogether exempt from some little taint of that weakness called superstition. Many people have more of it than they care to let others know they have, and some more of it than they know themselves.

Walpole all this while was in Norfolk—his colleague the Duke of Newcastle is said to have wished to conceal the queen's danger from him; but Hervey does not tell why he himself did not convey proper information. No doubt he was busy enough. At last, however, the truth reached Houghton; and on Wednesday the 16th, Sir Robert arrived at St. James'. He was alone with the queen for a few minutes, during which she "committed the king, the family, and the country to his care." As he came out he found the princesses in the ante-chamber surrounded by "some wise, some pious, and some very busy people," who, to the pity or scorn of Hervey, were urging "the essential duty" of having in some prelate to perform sacred offices:—

And when the Princess Emily made some difficulty about taking upon her to make this proposal to the king or queen, Sir Robert (in the presence of a dozen people who really wished this divine physician for the queen's soul might be sent for, upon the foot of her salvation) very prudently added, by way of stimulating the Princess Emily, "Pray, madam, let this farce be played; the archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the queen no hurt, no more than any good; and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools, who will call us all atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are." After this eloquent and discreet persuasion—the whole company staring with the utmost astonishment at Sir Robert Walpole, some in admiration of his piety, and others of his prudence—the Princess Emily spoke to the king, the king to the queen, and the archbishop [Potter] was sent for; but the king went out of the room before his episcopal grace was admitted. * * * The queen desired the archbishop to take care of Dr. Butler, her clerk of the closet; and he was the only body I ever heard of her recommending particularly and by name all the while she was ill. Her servants in general she recommended to the king, saying he knew whom she liked and disliked, but did not, that I know

of, name anybody to him in particular.—Vol. ii., p. 529.

This special concern as to the great author of the *Analogy* is one of the few circumstances in Hervey's detail that it is at all agreeable to dwell upon. Indeed, it is one of very few satisfactory details that occur in this book respecting her majesty's interference with the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown. Lord Mahon (*History* ii., p. 172) exalts her "discerning and praiseworthy" selection of bishops; but nothing can be more offensive than Hervey's whole account of her exertions on behalf of Hoadley, whom she forced up step by step in spite—(not to mention the repugnance of the clergy and the nation)—of the king's own unusual stiffness on the avowed ground that "the man did not believe one word of the Bible;" and we suspect there is no uncharitableness in the surmise that in Butler himself she patronized not the divine, but the philosopher. Yet the queen's last word was *pray*—

The queen died at ten on the night of Sunday the 20th:—

Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the queen was just dead. All she said before she died was, "I have now got an asthma. Open the window." Then she said "*Pray*." Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and, finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, "Tis over;" and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune the dread of which had cost her so many. The king kissed the face and hands of the lifeless body several times, but in a few minutes left the queen's apartment and went to that of his daughters, accompanied only by them. Then, advising them to go to bed, and take care of themselves, he went to his own side; and as soon as he was in bed sent for Lord Hervey to sit by him, where, after talking some time, and more calmly than one could have expected, he dismissed Lord H. and sent for one of his pages; and as he ordered one of them, for some time after the death of the queen, to lie in his room, and that I am very sure he believed many stories of ghosts and witches and apparitions, I take this (with great deference to his magnanimity on other occasions) to have been the result of the same way of thinking that makes many weak minds fancy themselves more secure from any supernatural danger in the light than in the dark, and in company than alone. Lord Hervey went back to the Princess Caroline's bedchamber, where he stayed till five o'clock in the morning, endeavoring to lighten her grief by indulging it, and not by that silly way of trying to divert what cannot be removed, or to bring comfort to such affliction as time only can alleviate.—Vol. ii., p. 540.

During the interval before the interment the king remained invisible, except to his daughters, to Hervey, and for a moment occasionally to Walpole. Meantime, in the ante-chamber, the great subject of discussion is, in what female hand the power is now to be vested. Newcastle and Grafton, both admirers of the Princess Emily, are in great hopes that at the king's age he may allow

that favored daughter to replace the mother in his confidence; but—

Sir Robert, in his short, coarse way, said he should look to the king's mistress as the most sure means of influence. "*I'll bring Madame Walmoden over, and I'll have nothing to do with your girls; I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters.*" And accordingly he advised the king, and pressed him, to send for Madame Walmoden immediately from Hanover; said he must look forward for his own sake, for the sake of his family, and for the sake of all his friends, and not ruin his health by indulging vain regret and grief for what was past recall. The king listened to this way of reasoning more kindly every time it was repeated; but Sir Robert Walpole tried this manner of talking to the princesses, not quite so judiciously, respectfully, or successfully; for the pride of Emily and the tenderness of Caroline were so shocked, that he laid the foundation of an aversion to him in both, which I believe nobody will live to see him ever get over.—Vol. ii., pp. 544, 545.

Lord Hervey wrote the queen's epitaph in Latin and in English, and therein extolled her "firm faith in the doctrines of Christianity and rigid practice of its precepts." She was buried in Westminster Abbey; and George II., on his death-bed, twenty-three years afterwards, directed that his remains should be placed close by hers—a side of each of the coffins to be removed, in order that the ceremonies might be in actual contact. This story has been doubted; but within these few years it became the duty of one of the chapter (the Rev. H. H. Milman) to superintend some operation within that long-sealed vault, and the royal coffins were found on the same raised slab of granite, exactly in the condition described—the sides that were abstracted still leaning against the wall behind.

Soon after the queen's death Madame Walmoden arrived in England, and was created Countess of Yarmouth—the last peerage of exactly that class.

In 1740 Hervey became Lord Privy Seal. He died in 1743, aged forty-seven; and was survived until 1757 by the Princess Caroline, who then died, aged forty-five.

Hitherto modern readers have in general, it is probable, connected at best frivolous ideas with Lord Hervey's name; henceforth, whatever may be thought of his moral character, justice will at least be done to the graphic and caustic pen of Pope's victim.

From 1733 he was a constant correspondent of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose *Life of Cicero* is inscribed to him in a long and pompous dedication, enumerating not only every intellectual power and accomplishment, but every grace and virtue that could contrast with Pope's portraiture. It will at least amuse the reader to turn to that specimen of pedantic adulation: but Lord Hervey fully deserved all that Middleton says of his scholarship. The scraps from Livy and Tacitus, with which his *Memoirs* are garnished, were according to the taste and habit of that day; and we are by no means to set them down for proofs either of shallowness or affectation, as we should do if we

met them in a modern page. He was qualified to hold his own in corresponding with Middleton on any question of classical research—for example, that still mysterious one of the gradual changes in the composition of the senate during the republic. It is not true, however, that Hervey made the translations inserted in Middleton's "Cicero." Lady Hervey, in justice to the doctor, contradicted that story in one of her letters to Mr. Morris. She says, all her husband did was to purify the MS. by striking out "a number of low, vulgar, college expressions." Infidelity, no doubt, was a strong bond between his lordship and the incumbent of Hanscombe, who, in writing to his friend about signing the thirty-nine articles as a step to that beneice, says—"While I am content to acquiesce in the *ill*, I should be glad to taste a little of the *good*, and to have some amends for the *ugly assent and consent* which no man of sense can approve." (*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 61.) It is probable that, if Queen Caroline and Lord Hervey had lived, Dr. Middleton would in due time have signed again as a bishop-elect.

We feel that we have already given sufficient space to this book—though it seems to us one of very rare distinction in its class—otherwise we would fain have extracted some of the author's minor portraits. Those of the Speaker Onslow, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and his brother Islay, and many more, are remarkable specimens, and, we believe, done without the least exaggeration. Not so that of Lord Chesterfield. Indeed, the slighting style in which Hervey (like Horace Walpole) uniformly speaks of his talents seems quite astonishing. It is true that Hervey had never seen the writings on which chiefly we form our high notion of the man; but Hervey heard the speeches of which we have but poor reports, and Horace Walpole's "hero of ruelles" is admitted even by Horace Walpole to have made the best speech he ever heard—adding that he had heard his own father, and Pulteney, and Chatham! Walpole had besides access to almost all our own materials. We believe the fact to have been that both of those clever spirits were rebuked in the presence of Lord Chesterfield. You have but to turn from the most brilliant page either of them ever wrote to any one of his; and the impression of his immense superiority—of the comprehensive, solid, and balanced understanding, which with him had wit merely for an adjunct and instrument—is immediate and irresistible.

A more puzzling point is the frequent repetition of most contemptuous allusions, both in Walpole and in Hervey, to the personal appearance of Chesterfield. All the portraits represent a singularly refined and handsome countenance; we have them of his youth, his middle life, and his age, even his extreme old age—and by painters of the most opposite schools, from Rosalba to Gainsborough—but in all the identity of feature is preserved; and making every allowance for pictorial flattery and *Herveyian* spleen, it is hardly possible to understand the violent contrast of such a description as this by our present author:—

With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion. * * * He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant.—Vol. i., p. 96.

But Hervey makes George II. himself—and his majesty was of short stature—speak with the same sort of disparagement. The subject of conversation in vol. ii., p. 360, is Lord Carteret's having told the queen (it was shortly before her last illness) that "he had been giving her fame that very morning:—"

The king said, "Yes, I dare say he will paint you in fine colors, *that dirty liar!*" "Why not?" said the queen; "good things come out of dirt sometimes; I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung." Lord Hervey said he knew three people that were now writing the History of His Majesty's Reign who could possibly know nothing of the secrets of the palace and his majesty's closet, and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continued dissection of both. "You mean," said the king, "Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret. They will all three have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge; he is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little teatable scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon."

Mr. Croker remarks, that Bolingbroke never wrote memoirs—that Carteret's, if they ever were written, have perished—that Chesterfield has left us nothing of this sort but a few characters, including those of George II. and his queen, which are in fact drawn with admirable candor—done, no doubt, in his old age—and that it is curious enough to have all this criticism on three books of memoirs that do not exist from the man who really was at that moment giving their majesties such "fame" as neither would perhaps have much coveted!

Who could have dreamed a hundred years since that posterity would owe its impressions of the society and policy of George II. mainly to the spurious Walpole and the Sporus Hervey? Which of us can guess now who may, in 1948, be the leading authorities for the characters and manners of our own day—the *dessous des cartes* of the courts and cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria? Some haunter of Christie's rooms and the French play, who occasionally shows his enamelled studs below the gangway! 'Some "Patch" or "Silliamander," whom our Lady Mary (if we had one) would bid—as she bade Hervey—

"Put on white gloves, and lead folks out,
For that is your affair!"—

From the Britannia.

Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Written by Herself. 3 vols. Colburn.

THERE is no doubt, we believe, as to the authenticity of this book. From its first publication it has always been regarded as a genuine production. The memoir is unique of its kind. Mademoiselle filled a conspicuous station in the court of Louis Quatorze, and had intimate relations with most of the historic names of that time. Her whole nature was made up of the ideas of his reign. She was a fine specimen of artificial nature, in thought, manners, and conduct. Of personal liberty she had no conception, apart from the will of the monarch; and when her lover, or rather perhaps the object of her choice, was thrown into confinement, solely from the favor with which she regarded him, she less insisted on the injustice of the king than on the cruelty of De Lauzun's destiny. Her whole life was a romance; but the order of romance was in her own case reversed. In her early youth she was the heroine of the Fronde, and in her mature age simply a devoted woman, seeking above all things the affection and peace of domestic life. The slave of her greatness, she sought them in vain. She was punished for the ambition of her youth in the disappointment of her age. Intent for so many years solely on a splendid alliance, she had the mortification to find, when her heart was really touched, that her love was coldly received, and that it only brought misfortunes on the man she sought to raise to her own height. Her memoirs are full of singular episodes and curious revelations; and possess, especially in the latter portions, all the vivacity of a highly-wrought dramatic narrative. It would be useless to enter into the detail of a work so well known, but an extract will show

HOW MADEMOISELLE MADE LOVE TO DE LAUZUN.

I had soon another conversation with him: when I told him that I was absolutely determined to execute my intention; and that I had taken the resolve of naming to him the person I had chosen. He replied, "that I made him tremble;" and then added, "If I should fail to approve your choice, resolved and headstrong as you are, I see clearly that you will not have courage to see me again: I am too desirous of retaining the honor of your good opinion to listen to an avowal that may expose me to the risk of losing it; therefore, I will not hear it—I entreat you, from my heart, to say no more of the matter."

The more he endeavored to escape hearing himself named, the less I felt inclined to permit him to do so; but, as he always left me the instant he had finished what he had to say, I confess that I was somewhat embarrassed at the notion of telling him myself, *c'est vous*. But again I met him at the queen's, when I said, "I am resolved, despite all you have advanced, to name to you the man you know." He replied, that he could no longer excuse himself from hearing it; but added in a serious tone, "You will oblige me by deferring it until to-morrow." I told him that I could not do so, for that Friday was with me an unlucky day; yet, at the moment I was about to name him, the concern I believed it would give him so increased my embar-

assment, that I said, "If I had writing materials at hand you should know the name; for I confess I have not the power of telling it you. I have a mind to breathe upon the mirror, and to write it there." After we had conversed together for some time, he pretending still to be in jest, and I speaking very seriously of the desire I had to tell him what I wished that he should know, we found that it was midnight. "So!" I exclaimed, "it is Friday! I will say no more to you just now."

The next day I wrote on a paper these words: "*C'est vous*." I then sealed and placed it in my pocket. I met him at the queen's, and said, "I have the name written, and in my pocket; but I will not give it you on a Friday." He replied, "Give me the paper, and I promise you to place it under my pillow, and not read it until after twelve o'clock. I am sure," he added, "you will not doubt that I shall stay awake until the hour arrives, or that I shall await its coming with impatience. To-morrow I must go to Paris, whence I shall not return till late." I replied, "You may deceive yourself as to the hour; so you shall not have it until to-morrow evening." I did not see him until the Sunday at mass; he came afterwards to the queen's, and spoke to me just as to others in the circle. When the queen entered her *prie-Dieu*, I found myself alone with him. I took out the paper and showed it him, replacing it sometimes in my pocket, sometimes in my muff. He pressed me exceedingly to give it to him, saying that "his heart beat, which he took as a presentiment that I was about to give him an ill-office to perform, involving, perhaps, the disapproval of my choice and my intentions." This kind of conversation lasted an hour, during which we found ourselves equally embarrassed. At length I said, "Here is the paper; I give it you on condition that you will let me have your answer at foot of the writing; you will find space sufficient, for my *billet* is but short. Return it to me this evening at the queen's, where we can resume this conversation."

Poor Lauzun would willingly have passed off all this as a jest, but the princess' passion was too violent to allow him to do so. He had greatness thrust upon him, and had to pay for it by his long confinement. Mademoiselle, however, was constant in her affection; she ransomed him at the sacrifice of a great part of her wealth, and then munificently provided for him, though compelled ever after to regard him as a stranger. Fiction has nothing stranger to show than these memoirs, nor anything more likely to engage the mind in perusal.

SELECT LETTERS OF COLUMBUS.*

THIS second publication by the Hakluyt Society contains the four letters of Columbus narrating his first, third, and fourth voyages, with a memorial relating to the second; a letter descriptive of the second voyage, by Dr. Chanca, physician of the fleet; and extracts from the will of Diego Mendez. This Spaniard was an active officer of Columbus,

* Select Letters of Christopher Columbus, with other Original Documents relating to his Four Voyages to the New World. Translated and edited by R. H. MASON, Esq., of the British Museum.—Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

who rendered conspicuous services to the expedition on the fourth voyage, both at the mouth of the Orinoco and in Jamaica; the veteran adopted this mode of recording his deeds, in order to serve as a memorial for his family, and to remind Don Diego Columbus of the promises of his father on his deathbed, which Diego had confirmed but not fulfilled.

These documents have been translated by Mr. Major, of the British Museum; who has displayed his original text in the lower half of the page, and sparingly illustrated it by notes. He has prefaced his translation by an elaborate introduction, in which he gives a very good bibliographical account of the documents in the volume, a sufficient life of Columbus, and a summary of the evidence respecting the former discoveries of America, to the belief of which fact he inclines. There is also a good index; but the volume requires a map to exhibit the discoveries (and only the discoveries) of Columbus, with the track of his voyages—an omission that we should not have expected from the Hakluyt Society.

Although wanting the fulness of *story* and the quaintness of style which belong to the voyage of Sir Richard Hawkins, this volume has sufficient popular interest in its narrative, especially when regarded as the first observations made upon the new world by the actual discoverer. The account, indeed, has not the completeness of a regular history, which, drawing its materials from all quarters, extracts minute particulars from other writers, that Columbus himself passed over if he knew them, as too individual to be addressed to his sovereigns—or too egotistical—or, when they concerned the overlooked misconduct of others, neither fair nor politic to make. The object of Columbus must also be borne in mind; which was to give a general account of the countries discovered, and of their productions, in order to impress Ferdinand and Isabella with their importance. It was no business of his to extend his despatches by minute details of the expeditions, still less to enter into anecdotal stories about individuals, or touch upon personal adventures. Such things are to be found in the letters; but they appear incidentally, and more fully in the epistle of Dr. Chanca than in the letters of Columbus; but more fully still in the will of Diego Mendez, which in fact is entirely occupied by details concerning himself and his exploits. There are many passages of striking description, and some of stirring dangers; especially in the fourth voyage, when the admiral was contending with violent storms and the currents of the Orinoco. The following passage is the *first* description of the new world ever written; it applies especially to Cuba and Hayti.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxuriant as they usually are in Spain in the month of May—some of them were blossoming,

some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there. There are besides in the same island of Juana [Cuba] seven or eight kinds of palm trees, which, like all the other trees, herbs, and fruits, considerably surpass ours in height and beauty. The pines also are very handsome; and there are very extensive fields and meadows, a variety of birds, different kinds of honey, and many sorts of metals, but no iron. In that island also, which I have before said we named Española, [Hayti,] there are mountains of very great size and beauty, vast plains, groves, and very fruitful fields, admirably adapted for tillage, pasture, and habitation. The convenience and excellence of the harbors in this island, and the abundance of the rivers, so indispensable to the health of man, surpass anything that would be believed by one who had not seen it. The trees, herbage, and fruits of Española, are very different from those of Juana; and, moreover, it abounds in various kinds of spices, gold, and other metals. The inhabitants of both sexes in this island, and in all the others which I have seen or of which I have received information, go always naked as they were born, with the exception of some of the women, who use the covering of a leaf, or small bough, or an apron of cotton which they prepare for that purpose. None of them, as I have already said, are possessed of any iron; neither have they weapons, being unacquainted with, and indeed incompetent to use them; not from any deformity of body, (for they are well-formed,) but because they are timid and full of fear. They carry, however, in lieu of arms, canes dried in the sun, on the ends of which they fix heads of dried wood sharpened to a point; and even these they dare not use habitually; for it has often occurred when I have sent two or three of my men to any of the villages to speak with the natives, that they have come out in a disorderly troop, and have fled in such haste at the approach of our men that the fathers forsook their children and the children their fathers. This timidity did not arise from any loss or injury that they had received from us; for, on the contrary, I gave to all I approached whatever articles I had about me, such as cloth and many other things, taking nothing of theirs in return; but they are naturally timid and fearful. As soon, however, as they see that they are safe, and have laid aside all fear, they are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have.

Valuable as this publication is for presenting the first account of America in the very words of the original, its chief interest arises from its autobiographical view of Columbus. Of course, we do not mean that any new facts will be found; the subject has been too frequently and thoroughly investigated for that. But the *ipsissima verba* of Columbus give a precision and fulness which the reproduction of the literary artist often misses; while the general coloring is of necessity altered when presented by another mind as part of another work. All the biographers of Columbus have dwelt upon his great anxiety during his first voyage, and his frequent visits to the deck in the night; but we question if they equal his own simple pic-

ture when describing his broken health off the mouths of the Orinoco—"And although on my former [first] voyage, when I first discovered terra firma, [he thought Cuba was the continent of Asia.] I passed thirty-three days without natural rest, and was all that time deprived of sight, yet never were my eyes so much affected or so painful as at this period." The hardships to which Columbus was at last reduced by the ingratitude of King Ferdinand are another fertile topic; yet declamation is hardly so forcible as his own subdued complaints in the account of his fourth voyage. Almost in the words of Othello when superseded—"I have done the state some service"—Columbus exclaims, "Yes, as I have said, their highnesses have received some services from me;" and in various places he touches upon the past, or gives a sad account of his present condition and future expectations—expectations too sadly verified.

Such is my fate, that the twenty years of service through which I have passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing, and at this very day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own; if I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill. * * *

I was twenty-eight years old when I came into your highnesses' service, and now I have not a hair upon me that is not grey; my body is infirm, and all that was left to me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away and sold, even to the frock that I wore, to my great dishonor. I cannot but believe that this was done without your royal permission. The restitution of my honor, the reparation of my losses, and the punishment of those who have inflicted them, will redound to the honor of your royal character; a similar punishment also is due to those who plundered me of my pearls, and who have brought a disparagement upon the privileges of my admiralty. Great and unexampled will be the glory and fame of your highnesses if you do this; and the memory of your highnesses, as just and grateful sovereigns, will survive as a bright example to Spain in future ages. The honest devotedness I have always shown to your majesties' service, and the so unmerited outrage with which it has been repaid, will not allow my soul to keep silence, however much I may wish it; I implore your highnesses to forgive my complaints. I am indeed in as ruined a condition as I have related; hitherto I have wept over others; may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me. With regard to temporal things, I have not even a blanca for an offering; and in spiritual things, I have ceased here in the Indies from observing the prescribed forms of religion. Solitary in my trouble, sick, and in daily expectation of death, surrounded by millions of hostile savages full of cruelty, and thus separated from the blessed sacraments of our holy church, how will my soul be forgotten if it be separated from the body in this foreign land! Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth, and justice!

There are passages, no doubt, that form a species of set-off—not against Ferdinand, and his pompous, jealous, and malignant Spaniards—but as regards the lofty virtue of Columbus. Though

himself treating the natives with mildness and justice in respect to individual dealings and personal claims, he set right altogether aside as regarded public points. The independence of an Indian chief, and the clear right of himself or his people to oppose Columbus, were thrust aside at once if the admiral did not conceive mildness politic; and though it may be said that this was no more than has frequently been done since, it must be remembered that Columbus set the bad example. On the subject of the slave-trade he was behind the age; for in his memorial respecting his second voyage, he proposed a regular trade in Caribs, because they were cannibals—a project which the sovereigns first "reserved," and then declined.

The volume also supplies many examples of the close observation of Columbus and his attention to minute details, as well as furnishes specimens of his curious learning, his wild credulity, his geographical knowledge, and his cosmographical speculations. They who wish information on these topics must have recourse to the volume; but an extract touching the site of the terrestrial paradise will give some indications of them. Columbus set out with the idea that the earth was spherical, but subsequently conceived it to be pear-shaped. The river he is speaking of in the following extract was the Orinoco; the land South America, but which he still conceived was Asia.

I do not find, nor have ever found, any account by the Romans or Greeks which fixes in a positive manner the site of the terrestrial paradise; neither have I seen it given in any *mappe-monde* laid down from authentic sources. Some placed it in Ethiopia, at the sources of the Nile; but others, traversing all these countries, found neither the temperature nor the altitude of the sun correspond with their ideas respecting it; nor did it appear that the overwhelming waters of the deluge had been there. Some Pagans pretend to adduce argument to establish that it was in the Fortunate Islands, now called the Canaries, &c.

St. Isidore, Bede, Strabo, and the master of scholastic history, with St. Ambrose and Scotus, and all the learned theologians, agree that the earthly paradise is in the east, &c.

I have already described my ideas concerning this hemisphere and its form; and I have no doubt, that if I could pass below the equinoctial line, after reaching the highest point of which I have spoken, I should find a much milder temperature, and a variation in the stars and in the water. Not that I suppose that elevated point to be navigable, nor even that there is water there; indeed, I believe it is impossible to ascend thither, because I am convinced that it is the spot of the earthly paradise whither no one can go but by God's permission. But this land which your highnesses have now sent me to explore is very extensive; and I think there are many other countries in the south of which the world has never had any knowledge.

I do not suppose that the earthly paradise is in the form of a rugged mountain, as the descriptions of it have made it appear; but that it is on the summit of the spot which I have described as being in the form of the stalk of a pear; the approach to it from a distance must be by a constant and gradual ascent; but I believe that, as I have already said,

no one could ever reach the top. I think also that the water [the embouchure of the Orinoco] I have described may proceed from it, though it be far off, and that, stopping at the place which I have just left, it forms this lake. There are great indications of this being the terrestrial paradise; for its site coincides with the opinion of the holy and wise theologians whom I have mentioned: and moreover, the other evidences agree with the supposition, for I have never either read or heard of fresh water coming in so large a quantity in close conjunction with the water of the sea; the idea is also corroborated by the blandness of the temperature; and if the water of which I speak does not proceed from the earthly paradise, it appears to be still more marvellous, for I do not believe that there is any river in the world so large or so deep.

From the Spectator.

MRS. MAURY'S ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA.

WITH a sounder judgment and much less of unchecked impulse, the *Englishwoman in America* would have been more successful than Mrs. Maury's previous book, if not in sale, at least as regards her literary reputation. It was not to be expected that the authoress of "The Statesmen of America" should altogether eschew politics, or fail to exhibit the zeal of a fresh convert when any opportunity occurred for raising her new faith at the expense of her old; but these weaknesses are only incidental. The account of her travels—that is, of her outward voyage, and her sojourn at New-York—is not a necessary book, but it is well enough. Mrs. Maury looks at many things on board an emigrant-ship with a fresh and feminine eye; as she was at that time a private woman, she saw much that neither Mrs. Trollope nor Miss Martineau were so likely to see or to regard. Mrs. Maury, no doubt, is fluent; still her fluency is not mere verbiage. She has always a substratum of fact or sentiment; and if her enmities are, like her friendships, something of the warmest, they are genuine if shallow feelings, not mere cant—though the understanding which should control her likes and dislikes is not always the best regulated. In certain cases this sentimental impulsiveness is not without an advantage. It is the temperament of poetry, and gives character to the description of appropriate subjects. The icefield with its icebergs, and some descriptions of the ocean or of life at sea, are of this kind; the pictures of the steerage passengers and the crew, though occasionally literal, are clever as literary sketches; and there is a good deal of kind-heartedness exhibited on various occasions. Besides the character which Mrs. Maury's peculiar genius imparts, they have also a novelty; no experienced voyager would consider them unworthy of notice. We have not met a better sketch of the heaving of the ocean than Mrs. Maury's chronicle of her first acquaintance with the Atlantic.

Scarcely had we glided past the steamer when the ship gave a long heave, and Bursley exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a seaman, "Ha! ha! there is the first roll of the Atlantic." And truly it was

unlike all other motion that I had ever experienced in a ship: prolonged, and breathing, and swelling, while the vessel, plunging gently onwards, seemed to recognize with joy the friendly welcome of the ocean billow. I watched and waited for the repeated greeting of the wave, and for the first time I felt and understood the rapture of the sea.

This "rapture," however, was soon changed for an emotion below the heart; and Mrs. Maury became very unwell for a day or two. On her recovery she introduces the ship-steward; a little sketch that might pass for one of Cooper's or Marryat's.

The steward also resumed his professional functions, which had been suspended from the total want of demand; his customers having come to a dead-lock in regard to that universally recognized feature in all legitimate consumption—appetite. This man had a most extraordinary, and in his vocation, an invaluable faculty of walking horizontally as it were: no matter how the ship might pitch and toss, he would carry up the saloon a full glass in each hand without spilling a drop—he seemed to crawl along, his body extended forwards, his legs extended behind, and his hands not a foot from the ground: dressed in a checked shirt and white apron, with a red and green bandanna tied round his head, he was verily a most whimsical object; but he was also a very clever cook, as all black and colored people are said to be. He was kind, but singularly apathetic—"Oh! steward, I'm so sick!" "Well, ma'am, you can't help it—nobody can't." He is a distinguished linguist, and speaks English, French, Spanish, and sundry African dialects.

Although Mrs. Maury travelled north as far as Montreal, and south to New Orleans, with a running survey of the west, her direct narrative is limited to New York and its immediate neighborhood; the narrowness of the subject being artificially extended by religious, political, and critical disquisitions. These we will leave for smaller topics, but more appropriate to a lady traveller.

FASHIONABLE MILLINER OF NEW YORK.

I made some efforts to repair my own wardrobe, and was recommended as a first-rate dressmaker to Miss Mullin. I waited on that lady with a piece of fine muslin, out of which I requested to have two dresses made. I was measured, and then observed, à l'Anglaise, "Will you come, if you please, the day after to-morrow, at seven o'clock, when I am dressing for breakfast, and try it on?" "Madam," replied the lady milliner, "I never go out or send out—will you be good enough to call in here?" "Oh! very well;" so we appointed one o'clock two days after. On that day it rained, and my time was engaged with company, and I never thought of Miss Mullin till the next morning; when I sallied forth, about ten o'clock. The offended modiste received me with insulted dignity and forgiving condescension. "Madam, had I for one moment suspected that you would have disappointed me yesterday, I should have made arrangements better suited to my own convenience." I appeared as well as I could the offended gentlewoman, and with much humility petitioned for one frock for Sunday, being literally gownless. Miss Mullin was inexorable: nothing could be done, nothing was done for

ten days; when the gowns were sent home, as well made as possible, but with an awful account of nine dollars and twenty-five cents—a charge of 2l. 1s. 6d. for what would cost at a first-rate milliner's in London 15s. at most.

JEWELS IN THE STATES.

The only article which I missed from the shops, and from the toilette of the ladies, was jewelry. Almost every English gentlewoman possesses some few valuable trinkets: the stones themselves are probably hereditary possessions, which by passing through the hands of the jeweller, and receiving a new and fashionable mounting, become new trinkets; but still they are real gems and pure gold, and of intrinsic worth. In New York I saw many ladies wearing inferior articles and false stones; in Boston, certainly, I saw several valuable ornaments; in New Orleans few jewels were worn, but many natural flowers; in Washington not many handsome jewels were displayed.

EUROPEAN AND YANKEE QUEENS.

I have seen three anointed kings and three inaugurated presidents. I admire the presidents the most. I have seen three queens, and three ladies who have shared in the honors of the presidency; and truly among the queens not one could compare with the regal grace of Mrs. Madison, the feminine distinguished personnel of Mrs. Polk, and the intelligent and ladylike demeanor of Mrs. Adams: the first of these ladies has been, nay, she still is, at the age of eighty-six, eminently beautiful, with a complexion as fresh and fair and a skin as smooth as that of an English girl. Mrs. Polk, were it not for the same defect in the teeth (though in a less degree) which characterizes the mouth of Queen Victoria, would be a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion give her a touch of the Spanish dama. These American ladies are highly cultivated and perfectly accomplished, and practised in the most delicate and refined usages of distinguished society. It is not possible to observe the affectionate and deferential manner of Mrs. Polk towards the august lady who is now the "mother of the republic," without feeling for each the warmest admiration. * * * *

Mrs. Polk is very well read, and has much talent for conversation: she is highly popular: her reception of all parties is that of a kind hostess and accomplished gentlewoman. She has excellent taste in dress, and both in the morning and the evening preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady. She is ready at reply, and preserves her position admirably. At a levee a gentleman remarked, "Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night." "Sir," replied Mrs. Polk, with perfect good-humor, but very significantly, "I never have seen it otherwise."

One morning I found her reading. "I have many books presented to me by the writers," said she, "and I try to read them all; at present that is not possible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the president, and I could not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift." I wore a brooch in which was contained the hair of my husband and children, very tastefully displayed. Mrs. Polk carried it to the window, read the names of the "eleven," compared their hair, and asked many questions about them. Saving her gracious majesty, I could have put my arms round her neck and kissed her.

There is much of digression and much of dif-

fusiveness in Mrs. Maury's account of her travels, which would have been better away; but we suspect that this is a fault so inherent in her mind that its removal is scarcely to be hoped for. The want of judgment we alluded to at starting consists in overlaying the subject of the book with extraneous matter. The volume contains nearly six hundred pages, of which one half has no relation to Mrs. Maury's personal narrative. She has "learned, after diligent inquiry, that the Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Farewell Address of General Washington, have never been published in England." We believe Mrs. Maury's "diligent inquiries" have led to error; but, right or wrong, there was no occasion to occupy seventy or eighty pages of a book of travels in printing such documents, however appropriate they might be in a fit place. The smallpox broke out among the steerage passengers on board the vessel in which Mrs. Maury and her son sailed; she herself caught it, and it was only by accident that a medical man was on board as a passenger. The impression this circumstance made upon her induced her to exert herself, though without success, (as we formerly observed,) to get an act passed by congress for rendering it imperative on emigrant-ships to carry a surgeon. On her return to England she made an analogous attempt to repeal the four words in our passengers act which exempt emigrant-ships to North America from carrying a medical man; but with the same ill-success, on the strange plea that there are not surgeons enough for the purpose. Though this subject is important, there was no occasion to encumber the volume with two hundred pages of Mrs. Maury's endeavors about the matter, accompanied by the letters and documents that grew out of her attempt: a condensed pamphlet would have served her purpose better, and would have told better in a separate form.

From the Examiner.

Sketches of German Life, and Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany. Selected and Translated from the Memoirs of Varnhagen von Ense. By Sir ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart. (Murray's Colonial Library) Murray.

In the excitement and interest so suddenly turned upon Germany, and the social and political change impending there, this little book becomes a timely contribution to our English libraries. It is a selection from Varnhagen von Ense's well known *Memorabilia*, made with great judgment, and translated with singular fidelity and spirit.

Von Ense led an active life in the first twenty years of the century, though he began it as a mere tutor, and subsided afterwards into a man of letters and student of languages. He was at Berlin when the battle of Jena was fought, served as an Austrian officer at Aspern and Wagram, was in Paris soon after the marriage of the emperor, again fought with the allies in the campaign which closed before the gates of Paris in 1814, attended the

congress of Vienna as secretary to Prince Hardenberg, and was subsequently Prussian chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe. At a later period he was appointed minister in the United States, but declined to accept, and has since cultivated peaceful literature in Berlin.

The selection made by Sir Alexander Gordon comprises such of the leading subjects treated by Von Ense in his entertaining book of recollections, as were most likely to be pleasing and intelligible to the English reader. The German soldier and diplomatist describes excellently; and displays all the shrewdness which seems to have marked his own intercourse with the world, in his graphic delineations of men and things. There is scarcely a European of celebrity of his time who does not pass across the shades of his magic lanthorn, with a very lively effect of portraiture, and of character very nicely discriminated.

The most valuable of his sketches relate to the causes of Napoleon's downfall. We obtain from the book a striking and instructive picture of the hopes awakened by the first French revolution, vividly contrasted with the subsequent change induced by the license, oppression, and lust of conquest which grew out of that great event, and which at last concentrated the whole of Germany in bitter hostility to Napoleon. We may add that we think Sir Alexander Gordon's translation most successful where the difficulty was greatest: in the descriptions of military movements. These are clear and graphic as in the original.

Our extracts from the personal sketches of diplomatists at Vienna will amuse the reader.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

At the head of the congress, excluding of course the crowned heads from the diplomatic category, stood Prince Metternich. Every one recognized in him the future president of this august assembly, which, in fact, shortly elected him to that post. As Austria acted the part of host, and those who were invited were under her charge, the minister, in addition to the weight and influence belonging to his office, and which he had enjoyed both in Paris and London, and to his own personal character, now exercised all the rights of a host towards his guests.

* * * The personal importance of Prince Metternich was proved by this circumstance. The Emperor Alexander, who, of all sovereigns took most part personally in political negotiations, scarcely stood in a higher position than Prince Metternich, to whom all the other plenipotentiaries resigned the first place. The Emperor of Russia and the Austrian minister contended for some time in the same field for the prize. At first they were on admirable terms together; and had this continued they would have overcome all opposition in the congress. But differences of opinion arose, which were followed by a complete rupture. Nevertheless they fully recognized each other's merits, and the most perfect confidence was subsequently restored between them.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Lord Castlereagh was without any personal charm; his views were narrow; his opinions appeared mainly to depend upon the impressions he

received from others, and his actions were rather those of an agent than of a statesman. He talked a good deal without saying much: it was well known that he did not shine in parliament as a speaker. His favorite expression, "features," was constantly on his lips, to Humboldt's great amusement, who never missed such little traits. The difficulties which he foresaw he should have to meet in parliament on his return to England had great influence on his decision as to what he agreed to or what he opposed, and did infinite mischief in many cases.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington arrived in Vienna from London, as plenipotentiary in the room of Lord Castlereagh, who returned to England, bearing with him one result of the congress—the abolition of negro slavery—a subject in which his countrymen felt the liveliest interest. The celebrated warrior had far greater talents for diplomacy than his predecessor: he knew how to listen; and although he was not so loquacious, what he said was more to the point. If the duke was sent to impose upon the other powers by his reputation as a warrior, and to silence them by his authoritative tone, he certainly failed in this respect; but every one soon perceived that an able and well-informed negotiator had joined the congress in the person of the Duke of Wellington.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CAGOTS.

DOCTOR MICHEL has lately visited personally the generality of the villages inhabited by that persecuted race of people called Cagots—the Pariahs of France—who have been supposed by many to be extinct; and we borrow from his statements the following curious details. He relates that at Bozate, the chief place of the Agots of Navarre, they were not formerly allowed to loiter on the square, to sit upon the public benches, or to join in public amusements or in dancing. At Saint Gaudins, in the Haute Garonne, where they are called Capins, they lived in a particular district of the town, and their private church-door and particular vessel for holy water, still exists. At Saint Beat there is a street called "*Ech goulé des Cagots*." At Montrejean, the Cagots were also designated as the "short-eared," but Dr. Michel says, that it is the Cretins who are deficient in the lobe of the ear, and not always the Cagots; among whom he mentions having seen some who had the ears covered with hair.

In the Hautes Pyrénées, the little church doorways and vessels for holy water are met with in three different places. Throughout these districts, the Cagots so generally ply the trade of carpenters, that the word Cagot is, as it is, also, in some other places, synonymous with the branch of industry which they profess. These poor people dwell in huts built in the hollow of valleys, so surrounded by trees that the sun can never reach them. It appears as if they wished to withdraw themselves from the eyes of the superior castes. They once possessed in the hamlet of Mailhoc, a little church of their own. At Terranère, in the same district,

a wall separated the cemetery of the Cagots from that of the other inhabitants. The Cagots of Lourdes are described, by a M. Arrou, as having the lower limbs shorter in proportion than the upper, small blue eyes, and very small ears without any lobes. According to some, this type is only lost by intermarriage. At Saint Pé, the Cagots were only admitted into the vestibule of the church.

Some centuries back, a quarrel having taken place between the Cagots of this latter place and the inhabitants of Lourdes, several of them were slain, and their heads were cut off, and rolled about like bowls in the square of Saint Pé. In consequence of these misdeeds, the Cagots were condemned, by the parliament of Toulouse, to enter Lourdes by only one street, to walk only in the gutters, and not to remain there after sunset, under penalty of two ounces of flesh being cut out the whole length of the spine, for each offence.

So dreaded was the door-way of the churches frequented by the Cagots, that the trick of a peasant, who put gravel into the key-hole of the ordinary door-way to oblige the priest to enter by the accursed passage, was only wiped out by bloodshed. These times are, however, now gone by; the priests themselves set the example of passing through the door-way of the Cagots, and these separate passages are now walled up in the generality of churches.

It is related at Campvern, that a number of Cagots took refuge in the castle of Mauvezin, the ruins of which are still seen close by that place, and that they lived by plunder, and totally separated from the other inhabitants of the country, and that they protected themselves from popular enmity by means of a drawbridge. At length, a man of Mauvezin, who led his flocks daily to pasture near the castle, succeeded in establishing an intimacy with them, and in obtaining their confidence. He succeeded so far, that one day, after having concerted the matter with the principal inhabitants of his village, he induced the Cagots to go forth out of their castle, even to one who was lame, and whom he bore on his shoulders, to play at bowls in a neighboring field, which is still designated as that of the battle. After having played a short time, he pretended to be thirsty, and went to the castle to procure drink. Once in, however, he raised up the drawbridge, and shouted out to the villagers, who rushed in a body upon the Cagots, and these being unarmed, were every one slain on the spot.

At the church of Tarm, in the neighborhood of Pau, there still exists a blue stone in the centre of the door-way, which served as a mark to distinguish the passage of the Cagots from that of the other inhabitants. At Lespielle there is a spring on the estate of M. de Saint James, commonly called "La Houn deus Cagots." At Bordes the repudiated door-way which is common to most of the churches in the Pyrenees and the Landes, is surmounted by a monogram of Christ, X. P. S.,

accompanied by the α and the Ω according to the Roman style of the twelfth century.

A tax called *rancale* was levied in the parish of Lescar up to the period of the revolution, and the tax-gatherer was accompanied by a dog, for whose benefit he had the right to exact a bit of bread. An anecdote is related of Henry IV., in reference to this parish, which would show that the monarch's inclinations were stronger than his prejudices. Suing a young girl of Bilhères in this parish, the latter declared amidst her tears that she was not worthy of his attentions, or of the feelings which he flattered her she had inspired him with.

"Why so?" exclaimed the prince.

"Because I am Cagote."

"And I also," immediately answered the *verd galant*, "*et jou tabe qu'en soy, au Dion biben.*"

At Jurançon, parish of Pau, the Cagots were obliged to have the figure of a man, sculptured in stone, above the door of their houses, and it would appear that the receptacle for holy water used by the Cagots was always distinguished by particular sculptures, but of what kind has not been determined, as being of an insulting character, they were either mutilated or destroyed at the period of the revolution.

At Pau itself the Cagots monopolized the profession of chimney-sweeps, but in other places they exercised the trade of weavers, as well as that of carpenters and joiners—their most common pursuits. It appears that the discarded races also enjoyed certain privileges. Thus it is stated that if a loaf of bread was by any accident placed on the table upside down, it became the property of any Cagot who might be present, and this is even said to have extended to the load of a mule or a donkey if the said load happened to be placed mouth to mouth. They have also held responsible situations in some places. Thus a Cagot was admitted into the brotherhood of White Penitents at Pau, in 1756. The head of a family at Momas was elected into the municipality of that place, and the mayor of Neivailles still adds the epithet *Chrestiaa* to his name. They have also often become farmers and freeholders, and held small properties. Thus Antoine de Peyré was, in virtue of his marriage with Anne de Saint Abit, lord of the place of the latter name. A Cagot was also mayor of Louhossoa near Bayonne. The Cagots are very numerous around Oléron. In that neighborhood they are more enterprising and more courageous than the other inhabitants, and are much engaged in smuggling. They often become officers, in the municipality and of the national guard; but the enmity entertained towards them by the pure races is as strong as ever. The use of the epithet of Cagot always leads to quarrels, in which sticks are freely resorted to, and blood is very often shed. Some of the wealthiest inhabitants of Escon and Herrière are descendants of these pariahs.

Mountainous countries being essentially conservative of institutions, habits, and manners, it is not surprising that in the Landes and the department

of Gers, the Cagots are less numerous than in the Pyrenees. But still they are by no means uncommon. There is scarcely a town that has not a suburb bearing the name of Cagots or of Gezits; every church had once its particular door and holy water basin, and there still exists to this present day the same repugnance to any alliance by marriage with the repudiated races as is to be met with in the mountains. It is related that in the first year of the reign of Louis XVI., a rich Cagot of the Landes having been seen upon three different occasions making use of the holy water vessel of the pure races, an old soldier repaired on the ensuing Sabbath to the church, and lay in wait with a drawn sword. At the moment when the pariah was about to violate the injunction established by religious prejudice against him, his hand was struck off, and the bystanders immediately seized upon it, and nailed it to the door of the church as a warning to others of his race.

The Gahets of Bordeaux were consigned from time immemorial to a particular suburb, where they had their own church, called that of St. Nicolas de Graves, or of the Gahets.* The race extended thence by Poitou to Brittany. Several notices exist of their residence in the latter country in the fifteenth century, when they were called *Caquins*, and their villages *maladreries*. Wherever they went, however much Doctor Michel may wish to pass it over slightly, the opprobrium of disease clung to them. In this maritime country these poor people particularly affected the business of rope-making, and the rope-makers of Trebison, at Lannilis, in Finistere, are still, according to Dr. Michel, contemptuously spoken of as *Cacous*. The race was held in similar aversion throughout Brittany as elsewhere, and was looked upon as attainted with leprosy. It was not till after the revolution that they were permitted to bring a bench near the porch of the church of Pontivy in Morbihan. The Bretons preserved themselves from the spell of the *Caqueux*, by hiding the thumb under the four fingers, and saying, as they passed one or more of them, *ar garet*. In Brittany, however, as in other parts of France, the prejudice against these people is allowed to be considerably diminished since the revolution, and the fusion with other races is rapidly removing all traces of their former existence.

The pariahs of France have not only been made the subject of many historical dissertations, but, although a degraded race, they have also furnished heroes for romance. The novel called "*Corisande de Maulen*," by Madame de Montpezat, is founded on an incident in the history of Bearn which has reference to this unfortunate race. In "*Le Cagot, nouvelle Bearnaise*," the author, M. J. Bade, has made use of many popular traditions in reference to the same race. A novel called "*Le Pariah des Pyrénées*," was published at Toulouse, as also a smaller composition in "*La Revue de Bretagne*,"

*The Gahets were at one period forbidden by an act of the Bordeaux parliament to appear in public without shoes, and without a piece of red cloth attached in a visible manner to their clothing, under the penalty of getting a beating.

called "*Les Caqueux*," whom the author designates as "a kind of pariahs of the middle ages." The most remarkable work of fiction, in which a Cagot figures as a hero, is "*L'Andorre*" of Elie Berthet. In this romance the Cagot is described as a true descendant of the Goths, with light hair, blue moist eyes, expressive of a certain degree of timidity, fair skin, and athletic form.

Popular songs and poems, composed by Cagots, or having reference to them, are by no means common. Doctor Michel attributes the poverty of the national *romancero*, so different to what is presented to us by Greece, Spain, and Scotland, to the neglect which has attended this branch of literature in France, but it is also possible that the subject may never have been a popular one. Still the doctor's industry has supplied him with some curious specimens. One which originates from the Landes, and which discusses the origin of the Gahets, dates from the sixteenth century. Another more amusing one, called the "*Wedding of Margaret de Gourrigues*," dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. It seems to have been mainly written as a vehicle wherein to notice the names of the chief Cagots of the day, and it begins spiritedly enough. "Twenty-five Cagots are gone to Orthez, mounted on horseback like so many cavaliers. They are gone to Pau, to the bridge of the Franciscans," &c. &c.

Some of the Cagot songs are full of repinings at their miserable condition, but most are indicative of a truly praiseworthy resignation, while others, again, celebrate in triumphant language their contests with the Franks. One of the most characteristic is a Breton ballad. It relates that when Jannik Kokard, of Plirmelio, "the handsomest peasant's son in the country, went on Sunday to church, with his light hair floating, more than one young girl was heard to sigh tenderly. One day he said to his parents—'Father and mother, in the name of God, if you love me, do not send me to Lannion, for fear you have trouble afterwards, from what may happen to me there. I never see Marie Tilli but that I am obliged to go in; they give fine oats to my horse, and to me every honor; they place before me barley bread, and a vessel full of fresh butter. Bordeaux wine, and of the best too; hydromel, mead; nothing is wanting. Marie, seated at my side, fills my glass to the brim, so much so, that I often leave the market to go and look at her eyes.' His parents answered him angrily—'My son, you shall still go to market, and you shall pass free before the door of Marie; you shall no more enter her house; for that girl you shall not have her, nor her, nor the daughter of any *Caqueux*.'

"Marie came about a week afterwards to the village of Jannik. 'Give me a seat to sit down and a white napkin to wipe my brow,' she said, 'for your son has said to me that I shall be his wife.' The old head of the family answered her in a mocking tone. 'Young girl, a foolish fancy brings you here, for my son you shall not have, nor you, nor the daughter of any *Caqueux*.' When

Marie heard these harsh words, she said, amidst her tears, 'I never had so much grief as when I heard my father spoken of as a Caqueux; my father has never made ropes; he is a wholesale dealer in white linen,' and as she went out of the house, 'Let it be so! I will go to the fair,' she said; 'I will go to the fair of Plouaret; I will there cleave off my little finger, and it shall be seen by my blood that I am not of the race of the Caqueux!'

"Marie Tilli said to Jannik Kokard that day: 'The sun is hot, let us go and sit in the shade.' Jannik followed the young girl, and when he got up he did not know, unfortunate young man, what had happened to him. He did not know that, poor young man, he was infected, that he was leprous! But as he returned home, swellings big as peas came out on his skin; it was painful to see him!

"The miserable youth, overcome with grief, said to his parents, 'God has punished me because I did not obey you. Father and mother, I must bid farewell to the threshold of your door. The poor Caqueux has neither friend nor parent on the earth; the priest forbids him to approach the door of Christians, or to draw water from the well; he is dead to the world. He must keep at a distance from his fellow-creatures, even from little children. The poor Caqueux has on earth nothing but anguish and suffering.'"

It is impossible but that a tradition so long received and so widely and uniformly diffused in connection with the Cagots, must have had some foundation in truth, whatever may be their origin historically. It is to be hoped that by the intermixture of races, as now permitted, the malady will be gradually exterminated, which was only permanently upheld by obliging the unfortunate afflicted to intermarry with one another.

The word Cagot and Cagoterie was first introduced into the French language as expressive of bigotry and hypocrisy, by Clement Mant, valet to Queen Margaret of Navarre, and that curiously enough in connection with other Gothic names familiar in this country. In his epistle of a cock to an ass, written in 1536, to Lyon Jameb, he says—

*Ils sont de chaude rencontre
Bigotz, cagotz godz et magodz,
Fagotz, escargotz eb margotz.*

This word was afterwards much affected by Molière, as in the "Tartuffe" (Act 1, Sc. 1,) where he says:—

*Quoi! je souffrirai, moi, qu'un cagot de critique
Vienne occuper chez moi un pouvoir tyrannique?*

and also as *cagoterie* and *cagotisme* in the same play.

Since writing the above, we have received several communications from Mr. W. Hughes, long time resident in Brittany, and well known by his popular legends of that country, published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*. Mr. Hughes thinks the word Caqueux may be derived from *ΚΑΛΕΣΙΣ*, distem-

per, and that they were afflicted with the leprosy, brought into Europe by the crusaders. Mr. Hughes quotes the opinions of Lobineau, who wrote in 1707, of the "Dictionnaire des Sciences," of De la Villemarque, Souvestre, Pitre Chevalier, &c., as to their supposed infection, and the malediction that lay upon them. At the same time, Mr. Hughes states distinctly that the Caqueux are no longer to be met with in any part of Brittany, not even in the bishopric of St. Malo, which, according to Lobineau, they particularly affected in the time of Francis II., Duke of Brittany (1477.) Mr. Hughes further adds that he never witnessed that in the present day any great prejudice existed against rope-makers, the trade which we have seen the Caqueux chiefly following in Brittany. Mr. Hughes also quotes "Murray's Handbook," to the effect that even in the Pyrenees, the proscribed and outcast race of Cagots seem to exist more in tradition than in reality. Dr. Michel's learned work throws, however, much light upon the actual distribution of the Cagots, even to the number of families in each district of that country.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I OFTEN think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passions, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek!
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
Our modern lips to speak,
Of passions too untimely crossed;
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now;
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing!

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us!

Elonian.

From Punch.

A SERIOUS LECTURE ON BROAD GRINS.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GENTLEMEN,—You will readily give me credit when I assure you I am no enemy to laughter. It is a foolish child that quarrels with its bread-and-butter; and my bread-and-butter is the broad grin. But you will excuse me for pointing out some little distinctions between my mirth and yours.

I laugh at foolish people and folly; because, though insensible to reason, they are keenly alive to ridicule. I make few of them better by this, perhaps, but I make a great many ashamed of themselves. The Spartans fuddled their slaves to show their children what a contemptible thing is a drunken man. So I occasionally play the fool, that possibly fools may see the absurdity of the thing, and avoid it.

Again, I laugh at knaves, because the lancet of the satirist may often be a better tool for pricking the world's humors than the scalpel of the reformer, the discipline of the priest, or the sword of the judge. There is always one face of roguery which is purely ridiculous, and as this is the face which least imposes on people, I do some good by turning it towards them.

I sometimes, though rarely, laugh at wickedness; but when I do, it is not with a kindly or natural laughter, but a bitter and contemptuous chuckle, which, indeed, is the only way I have of expressing disgust and indignation. Lastly, I laugh a great deal in pure lightness of heart, and this is the laughter I best like the echo of.

You see I can explain my laughter. But hang me if I can explain yours. It is true we have some subjects and objects of laughter in common. You laugh, for example, at Sibthorp, and so do I. I could mention some other of our common friends; but let that pass. It is where *you* laugh every now and then at what goes as near as anything can go to make *me* cry, that I desiderate your theory of broad grins.

For example, you laugh whenever the Charter is mentioned, or Chartists. Now, that there are knaves and fools in plenty, who ask for the one, and call themselves the other, is certain. But when I remember that, though Mr. Feargus O'Connor and his friends have a knack of sticking in their ciphers very much at random, there are some hundreds of thousands who blindly believe in those Five Points, and that of those hundreds of thousands there is a large proportion of ignorant, hungry, and squalid men, who have no share in the exaggerations of conventions, but who, in their intolerable suffering and hopeless toil, cling to something which, delusion as it may be, is the only pleasant delusion they have—when I think that if their ignorance be crass and gross, it is only the more dangerous for the society of whose base they form no small part—that if their passions and desires be desperate and hopeless, they will only rend the fabric the more by the wildness of their straining—and, more than all, when I think on what society and the state have done for these squalid, blind, striving masses, and that you represent the collective wisdom of our society, if they embody its collective ignorance—then, to me deeply pondering these things, (as Brougham would say,) your laughter at these men, and their charter, sounds the strangest, saddest, vainest—I had almost written, wickedest—of sounds utterable by human voices.

Did you never hear of Alpine travellers whose laughter has brought down an avalanche? So far as I can see, you must abandon this habit. I do not suppose it is the wisest, or oldest, or most thoughtful among you who indulge in it. But, for your own sakes, such of you as are wise and thoughtful should put down this crackling of thorns under a pot. At such a time as this, gravity at least, if not sadness, would better become all of us. I sometimes feel in my motley as if I were clad in sack-cloth and ashes. But nothing in the eventful history of the last two months has gone so near to dry up the spring of mirthfulness in me altogether as that ominous, asinine laughter of yours. I thought of it on Monday week, when the streets were blank with vague anxiety, and London bristled with bayonets, and I said to myself, "What if that silly laughter of the commons were to be reëchoed (after the Irish fashion) this day with the voice of cannon?"

THE ASYLUM OF EUROPE.

COME all ye kings kick'd out of doors
By foreign insurrection,
Oh! come to Britain's peaceful shores
For safety and protection;
Ye ministers, obliged to run
From climes too hot to hold you,
Come to John Bull, each mother's son—
Let his stout arms enfold you.

Here, on this little halcyon's nest,
Encompassed by the billows,
Each night you may securely rest
Your heads upon your pillows;
Shelter'd, like chicks, ye banish'd blades,
By hen's maternal pinions,
Beneath the British oak that shades
Her Majesty's dominions.

No tocsin here, with brazen tongue,
At midnight calls to riot;
E'en dustmen's bells we won't have rung
To break the morning's quiet.
No barricades obstruct the way
In this pacific nation,
Save now and then, when Fleet street may
Be under reparation.

Hither, ye merchants, haste, and bring
Your wares from every quarter;
We're quite prepared for anything,
To buy, or sell, or barter:
For Business is a refugee
From other lands distracted
By revolution; wherefore she
Comes here to be transacted.

Count not your spoons, good folks, your plate
Hide not—we won't purloin it;
Your silver will be safe—our state
Has no desire to coin it,
Since, our finances to recruit,
Our country nowise needs it:
Britannia's perfect substitute
Entirely supersedes it.

Come to the island of the free,
The solvent, and the steady,
Ye foreigners of property,
And here invest your "ready,"
Whilst things look up with British Stock,
And British trade advances,
And hand in hand, on Credit's rock,
Ease, joined with Discount, dances.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.

Who is to be the new German emperor? Every one admits the necessity of a head, a new federal head. This is the cry not only on the Elbe, but on the Lake of Constance. When, however, it comes to be asked, who shall this new head be, the universal schism follows. The King of Prussia was never very popular in South Germany; he is now less so than ever. His "patent," offering himself as the leader for Germany, had been received with jealousy and aversion by the southern; and when this patent was followed by some sixteen hours' fighting in the streets of Berlin, from which Frederic William extricated himself more like a conjuror and a sleight-of-hand man than a monarch, the jealousy was expressed in shouts of derision. The King of Prussia will not be accepted by the people south of the Danube.

Austria and its imperial family are the objects of pity, not dislike. Metternich was a scape-goat, which the Prussian dynasty had not. Archduke John, the old miner and iron-master of the Styrian mountains, who waived his right to the throne in order to marry the inn-keeper's daughter—he has raised her character—he it was who sent Metternich about his business, whether the great prime minister would or no. The emperor could not have done it. Archduke John did it, simply by assuring the people that Metternich *had* resigned. If a German emperor was wanting to act as a constitutional monarch, to watch over the industry of a country, and to sympathize with its industrious classes, Archduke John would be the man. If a military leader were wanting to defend, as the King of Prussia said, Germany on both sides, perhaps that monarch would be the most appropriate chief. But he is far from popular.

Religion too, however much and wisely it has been kept in the background of this German revolution, has still its influence. The Bavarians and Austrians would as little like a Protestant emperor, as the Berlin folk a Catholic one. For this, and for a great many reasons, we scarcely think it possible that the Germans can agree in electing a federative chief. They may form a confederation, a union, a common army and a common treasury, nay, a common general in case of war—but an emperor, that is next to impossible.

But this very impossibility will not tell, we fear, in favor of monarchy. The great confederation itself must thereby be a republic; and from doing away with a sovereign as head of the federation, the progress will be but too natural to doing away with a sovereign in each state. The German diet was never a German assembly, because it merely consisted of the envoys of courts. Austria predominated, and Prussia next showed its power. But this prevalence of families and influence of connections will no longer be tolerated in a congress called to decide upon the interests of the German people.

The new predominant democracy of Germany will not bear it. So that, however pacific the Germans, however full of respect for thrones and

aristocracies, and desirous not to disturb rights or property, it is to be feared they will not find themselves able to establish the great principles and that great and free union which they are determined to have, without going to work largely and boldly with the revolutionary scythe. We sincerely hope it may be otherwise, for the greater the change the greater the risk and the number of enemies. But to *conserve* the past, and reconcile it with the present, is a task which no statesman can well undertake, and which, as we have observed on another subject, Providence itself will probably have to take charge of.—*Examiner*.

From the Spectator, 25th March.

FREDERICK WILLIAM'S manifesto is a state paper of first-rate importance. The Prussian monarch avows that he acts in consequence of the events which have taken place in Vienna, and which have at once precipitated and facilitated his plans. He "demands" a reorganization of the whole of Germany, its transformation "from a confederation of states into a federal state;" a common banner, a common army, a common customs system; a federal representation, based on new state constitutions. In short, he demands, in his own name, the very things demanded by the people of Germany. He speaks not in the tone of promise but of requirement; he is not spokesman for the princes to the people, but for the people to the princes. He does not snatch at the curb, but seizes the whip. His manifesto is either the greatest delusion of the time, or King Frederick William is about to be the chief actor in reorganizing the German empire—probably a candidate for the imperial throne.

The chances of success for this policy appear to be considerable. The whole system of Europe, as it subsisted by force of the treaties of 1815, is broken up; and, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, the continent is falling at a turn into new combinations. Austria, which held the nominal chieftainship of Germany, is breaking to pieces, and her elements, decomposed, seek new affinities. Hungary's independence is daily expected—perhaps to be the nucleus of that central state imagined by some Pan Slavonians. Lombardy will revert to Italy—perhaps the price to Charles Albert for the loss of Savoy, already coquetting with France. The residue of Austria would naturally fall into its place as the *second* among German states. There is a disposition to simplify the political geography of Europe, by consolidating those states that possess a common tongue—Italian, French, and German. The German people have been suffered to ascertain their own independent power, and will no doubt assume a unity if it be not accorded to them. But the movement, which ostensibly limits the powers of the sovereigns, opens the way for King Frederick William to an imperial station, and instead of being the victim he becomes the leader of the movement.

All this appears to us to be ultimately conducive to the interests of order in Europe. As a

state with the paraphernalia of an empire, but the helplessness of a dependent province, Austria has kept open a way for Russian encroachment—a channel for the hated ice-blasts of northern tyranny into Germany and even into Italy. Austria was to Russia the master-key for the whole of civilized Europe. The progress of moderate and practicable liberalism in Italy, embodied in constitutional sovereignties, is in itself an event of the utmost interest and importance; but new as the recent constitutions are, their stability was considerably threatened, on the one hand by the survival of absolute monarchies in Germany, tantalizing the Italian princes, and on the other by the republican movement in France, tantalizing the Italian people. The concurrence of Germany in the course sanctioned by the practice of Italy will materially strengthen the new institutions. The invigorated condition of free monarchies also will tend to allay the suspense and excitement, to check the aggressive spirit in France. It will close the frontiers of Europe against Russian encroachment, repair the breach created by the absorption of Poland, and compensate the majority of that unfortunate nation by offering to it the denizenship of renovated Germany. It will also help to settle the uneasy kingdoms of the Baltic. There is scarcely one among the numerous class of difficulties arising out of the obsolete treaties of 1815 and their disruption, which would not be put in a fair way to solution by the consolidation of Germany.

In Germany two diets are sitting—one at Berlin, and one at Frankfort. The Prussian diet, so recently created by Frederick William, is engaged, in the last sitting that it will hold, to consider a thorough reorganization of the Prussian constitution in the most liberal spirit: an example which will bear hard on other German sovereigns, and if it be followed out, may restore some of the favor that Frederick William has lost. For not only do some princes of Southern Germany kick against his "usurpation" of the lead, but the people are very adversely impressed by what has come out with greater distinctness since the event—the obstinacy with which he suffered his soldiery to continue the murderous fire on his "beloved Berliners." The other diet is a special convention, half elected, half volunteer, and wholly without any constituted authority, sitting at Frankfort to consider the union and reorganization of Germany.

While dissension is arising within Germany, aggression threatens from without. Schleswig-Holstein is already attacked by Danish troops; and German contingents are marching to the defence. The demand of Schleswig-Holstein has served to evoke the strength of the *national* feeling in Germany: no jealousy of Prussia, has prevented the Frankfort diet from declaring for the incorporation of the duchy; no Russian sympathies have prevented Hanover from furnishing her contingent.

Czartoryski is at Berlin, there openly planning the resurrection of Poland.

The Russian emperor has formally proclaimed

his hatred of the newly-awakened spirit in Europe, and signified that he is prepared to encounter it in mortal contest if it invade "Russia"—Warsaw now being Russia, as mutton, when swallowed, becomes wolf. It will invade "Russia," and therefore Nicholas will march upon Germany. This will be the strongest appeal yet made to the feeling of nationality, and should recall the Germans from their discord. Could they assemble, princes, professors, and people—take up the leadership as an open question, and decide it upon its merits—they would best serve their country. Frederick William is working hard for it: let any rival emulate him, not in promises, but in the substantial, irrevocable work towards constructing self-governing nationality and consolidating the empire.—*Spectator*, 8 April.

From the *Spectator* of 25 March.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.

EUROPE exhibits a wondrous spectacle of its governments called to account by its peoples. East and west, north and south, with the oldest of existing governments and the newest, there is the same exhibition of authority rendering account to its subjects. The oldest of all, the papacy, is engaged in the endeavor to reconcile its most ancient trusts with the most modern form of political constitution. The newest, the government of Louis Philippe, has been called to account with such effect that the dynasty is ousted; and the provisional government which has succeeded is fain to inquire the pleasure of the mob in the streets, as an element in its deliberations. Imagine our cabinet council adjourning occasionally to the street-door for the better despatch of business! Paternal Prussia had not been nearly indulgent enough, and the complement of King Frederick William's concessions is wrung from him by riots: his gracious gifts are eked out with supplementary exactions. Absolute Metternich, who contrived for forty years to ignore the people of Austria, is rudely shocked out of his ignorance by a mob, and he fairly runs away from that which he had been accustomed to hold as a nullity. The elector of Hesse Cassel is brought to terms by a blacksmith. More than one German potentate is peremptorily called forth, like the manager of a theatre, to bow frightened apologies and premises before an enraged audience. King Louis Philippe takes refuge in the homely inviolability of the English "Smiths." The royal classes generally are seized with a panic of politeness towards their people. They are unfolding constitutions with a smiling alacrity, as linendrapers unroll silks or waistcoat-pieces before their customers. "That," cries Naples, with anxious persuasion, "is a charter that will just suit you." "Any other little article?" asks Wurtemberg. Never in the course of history were the courtesies of the royal classes so largely developed.

Amid the hubbub, few things are more striking than the profound tranquillity that possesses our

own island. It was tested, not disturbed, by the mob riots of the five principal towns. A leading ministerial paper draws from that quietude the conclusion that there is no ground for disturbance: we have anticipated our neighbors, says the writer, and have nothing to do in the same line. This is not quite correct. Without making much account of the Trafalgar Square rioters, we have classes whose abstinence from sharing in those tumults was by no means unrecognized. We have Chartistists. We have Spitalfields, Manchester, Paisley, and other weavers. We have large classes who hold themselves aggrieved by our poor-law. We have Ireland. All these sections of the community are neither prosperous nor contented. They do not revolt, because they are not so inclined; but it would be very unsafe to suppose that their expectations are satisfied, or that their quietude would not be broken in times of harsher difficulty.

But *what*, it is asked, is there for our government to do? All the other governments are conceding: what remains for ours to concede?—Much, and of the same kind that others are conceding. The one concession, common to all those countries, is a recognition of the people, their rights and claims. In Austria, the great European depository of the old divine right dogma, the government professed to exist independently of the people, and to act for its benefit spontaneously, like the sun—a vicegerent of Heaven. In Italy, the right of the people had been urged as an intellectual proposition, but silenced as political blasphemy; it had been enforced as a popular tradition by armed revolt, suppressed by military discipline. In Prussia, it had been recognized as an abstract proposition. The denial has been forcibly refuted; the abstraction has been coerced to assume a concrete form; and in France, whose government professed to exist by and for the people, the dynasty has been cashiered for not acting up to that principle in sincerity.

By and for the people—the constitutional dictum of revolution—is the true maxim of government, if rightly construed. It is a maxim often professed, but seldom enforced, by revolutions. It does not mean government by or for sections of the government—as little by mobs as by aristocracies. Less: aristocracies always act for more than themselves, mobs never do. In every community there are great diversities of will; but there will always be, on essentials, a manifest preponderance of opinion; and according to that the government ought to act. Sooner or later it must obey that preponderant opinion; and it is better to do so at once, than to let it accumulate until it explodes in revolution.

But government ought also to show that it acts in that manner, so that the people may perceive that their own behests are satisfied, in so far as they can be determined. That knowledge will always keep the people, on the whole, tranquil, and will beget a disposition to check sectional disturbances. It is some approach to such a state of things that has caused the present tranquillity of England: but there is room for rendering our tran-

quillity more certain and enduring, by a more manifest honesty, diligence, and fidelity, in the government. Our risk of popular disturbance lies in the pretences, the neglects, and the evasions of our system. It is no bold tyranny with which we are chargeable, no open war of class upon class, no individual dishonesty; but a general habit of compromise, and, as it were, of political adulteration. Our representative system is full of frauds, tolerated by a frame of mind that abhors theoretical exactness. With a marvellous endurance of what is base, mean, and sordid, our parliament suffers its portals to be haunted by the vilest vagabonds; and there is scarcely a member but consents, more or less directly, to be under obligations to some of that class. Our taxation is full of absurdity and injustice, and the most glaring instance of injustice our ministers decline to revise. Our executive administration is enfeebled by an abuse of patronage, and by an ultra-mechanical routine which serves as a shield for incapacity and inertness. Our diplomatic system affects still a secrecy which has ceased in fact: kept up in form, it only gives to our foreign relations an air of unworthy manœuvring and exasperates our people, by committing the country to a policy without paying it the compliment of seeking its concurrence; although it is now evident that the real strength of all free countries does not lie in paltry tricks, but in truth, in facts, in the substantial strength and resources of the people. For all our boasting, then, there is a world of what is unreal, false, and vicious in our system. In order to keep our lead in advance of other countries, and to prevent Britain from being the scene of the next tumult when their affair is over, our government should set diligently to work at the task of abolishing from our system all counterfeits, all concealment, all pretences. *That* it is which falls to our share in the general movement of political progress, and which is the way to maintain our national tranquillity.

It demands, indeed, men of keen sight, active mind, and energetic will; a mournful reflection, to such as watch our administration.

From the Spectator, 8 April.

OUR OWN REVOLUTION.

Will the people in this country go without their share in the European revolution? That is the question to be raised next week, on the presentation of the Chartist petition. It may be staved off, but hardly settled, by the suppression of any "disturbance." The Chartists have for years persevered in presenting their monster petition. They are not to be confounded with the random revolutionists of other countries. They may not be a majority of the nation even numerically; but they are a large section of the working classes, and as antagonists of the powers that be, they share the sympathy of others among their own class who have their special discontents—of the anti-poor-law section, the operative protectionists, the trades-unionists. They exhibit very

considerable intelligence, specific views, and a fair share of reasoning. It is not safe to put them off with the plea that they are not "the wealth and intelligence of the country;" for it reasserts their own complaint, that the poor are neglected or oppressed *quâ* poor; and it violently contradicts their own not unnatural self-esteem.

The assumed monopoly of "intelligence" among their antagonists is not true; the exclusive consideration for wealth is not just. Industry has its rights, though canting advocacy may have brought discredit on them; numbers have their claim, though they do not express a majority—or the whig party would have small title to the treasury-bench. It is a mistake that the majority exercises any direct rule in this infinitely divided land: it is the mean party that rules, because it is the mean—and, some wags will say, very *mean* it is. But a rule so possessed is not safe in the face of large discontented numbers, moved by the contagion of adventurous spirit, incited to hopes by strange and surprising examples, intoxicated even to vaporings about rebellion and blood, which have become deeds elsewhere.

We boast of our singular imperturbable tranquillity: is it imperturbable? Who can say!—Certainly not those ruling persons who are the "guardians of the public peace:" they know nothing about it: the estrangement of class from class keeps them quite ignorant of what is felt, resented, and hoped by the "lower orders." Yet the government is dependent for existence on "public opinion," in which the working classes have a large share. That government alone is stable which enjoys the concurrence of a majority of the intelligent classes; it must at least exist on the sufferance of that majority. Armies are engines too small to maintain a government in peace: they do but establish, on emergencies, in experimental conflict, the balance of opinion which already existed, but which was doubtful. To know that it is safe and stable, a government must know the state of opinion in the country. Again, to maintain its safe position it must be guided by that opinion, and therefore also it must know that opinion. Not only so, but the multitude in turn, if they do not get all they desire, must know that they are considered. Are either of these conditions fulfilled in our own country? Not quite; and that is the reason why our boasted tranquillity may not prove imperturbable.

What is it the Chartists really want? "The Charter" we take to be a mere rallying standard: what the Chartists, what all the working classes want, is a larger share in the elective franchise, higher wages, more of social and political consideration. Natural wishes these, and not quite unreasonable. You cannot either decently or safely meet them with a direct refusal; you cannot in policy evade them by mere temporizing. It would be much better if you were to meet them frankly.

The working classes see that there is one thing common to the revolutions of other countries: it is not the conquest of this or that institution, which

we may have already; but it is the fact that *the people* have come forth as a power of the state, are recognized, treated with deference, consulted, considered. *That* it is which make them hanker after some movement here. They ask a revolution. *Give them one.*

Your refusal is not ingenuous or pure; your evasions do not reach their hearts. They tell you that they are poor, and therefore miserable, because they are ill fed, ill cared for in the state, ill considered. You evade these representations. You answer, that you cannot decree higher wages; which is true, but it is special-pleading. You can do many things to improve their condition besides decreeing higher wages. You can improve the quarters in which they dwell, and you mean to do so; but you suffer yourselves to be hindered by paltry "vested interests" and the intrigues of local lawyers. You can remove restrictions upon trade, which would increase employment, and would be equivalent to decreeing higher wages; but you boggle at the work. At this moment you are suffering a condemned law to exclude cargoes of cotton which come a-begging from Havre, and which would give renewed activity to trade, higher wages to the working classes. You cannot decree high wages; but hasten to abandon the practice of keeping them down.

Let the working classes *know* that such things are done on their behalf. They ask a more direct and explicit consideration for themselves; and they merit it. They complain that poverty coexists with immense wealth, and that their cry of distress is coldly repelled. But it need not be so. It is not enough to do justice, especially to those who are less fortunate: you must let them see that justice is done; you must admit them freely to your councils, and make them note that other courses would not be so beneficial to them. You are not a vice-Providence, that you can claim to be exempt from responsibility to those whose interests you have in charge; and if you have the responsibility, let your accounts be clear and open.

They ask a fairer and purer representation in parliament: is it decent or expedient in the face of that demand to neglect the gross inequalities and corruptions which adulterate our representative system? Bribery, intrigue, and fraud, of kinds the most odious, because most paltry, assist at the election of our members: we still have our manageable boroughs, such as Harwich and Ripon, to neutralize the "wealth and intelligence," the numbers and immense living interests, of our Manchesters and Birminghams. We ought not to sneer at the "six points" unless we had a fair and intelligent system to justify refusal. Even a good system—the best for the time being—could not be final; for as intelligence and political knowledge increase, so will popular power; and it will be necessary to provide for successive *extensions* of the franchise. Let that be avowed at once, deliberately, cheerfully, and explicitly: if the government were cheerfully to accept that necessity, and were to take steps for the gradual extension of the suffrage from time to time, it

would disarm political discontent on that score, by satisfying hopes with a practical sense of progress. The classes now excluded would feel that they were getting on; the proper feeling for every nation.

But, indeed, such improvements would affect more than the working classes—they would materially benefit the middle classes; who are not just now violently moved with discontent, who are more than ever desirous of order; but who view many abuses in the state with dislike, and are contracting a dangerous contempt for our inert government. They would approve of the reforms which we have indicated; others would benefit *them* still more directly than the working classes; though such reforms would appeal to the natural love of justice inherent in all.

Our taxation figures as an immense burden on the people; and to make it tolerable it should be distributed with the utmost possible fairness, administered with spotless purity. Above all, these are not the times for any "aristocratic" favoritism. But is our taxation equal, our administration of the proceeds pure? The perfect fairness of collection involves a thorough revision of our tariffs, with a view to the most profitable and equable distribution of the burdens. Perfect fairness of appropriation would somewhat more strongly task the powers of the statesman that should undertake it.

The taxes are collected, professedly, for the public service: they are in great part appropriated to the private advantage of the aristocracy or those connected with it; and the misappropriation entails other disadvantages, besides a waste of public money that almost amounts to embezzlement. Every public office is burdened with persons who are foisted upon it for their own advantage, not for that of the people; who pocket the public money without adequate return; who constitute superfluous numbers, set examples of idleness, encumber the public purse with expense, the public service with inefficiency. Let us suppose an office in which there are two principals, two secretaries, and clerks. One of the principals shall be a hard working man, well versed in official routine, competent to his work, diligent, punctual, and fulfilling all that is expected of him within the routine of the office. But the other is a weak man, an incapable who eases his conscience by a diligent perpetration of miseries; who, instinctively feeling his incapacity, conceals it in a busy meddling without aim or utility, and makes his importance felt only by inopportune fuss—a blue-bottle in office. Why is he there? Because he is a friend and connection to Lord —, or Sir —, a great man in the ministry, who was anxious to see the poor fellow provided for, and the income attached to the vacant office was just the convenient amount. One of the secretaries shall be a person thoroughly acquainted with the details and history of his office; but he is the junior. The other man is a nobody—with no particular faculties, no health, no diligence—with nothing but a name that belongs to a titled family: all the cadets of that

family must have some genteel provision; and —, who is incapable of making his own way in the world, is smuggled into the back room of the — office. Among the clerks are some few disposed to get through the work. That, however, is not the rule. They are looked at askance. The majority "vote the work a bore," and discountenance any unwelcome diligence. Why are they there? Because they are the sons of Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, the friends, political, professional, or literary, of Lord —, Sir —, and others; young men in want of incomes. Every office is a reservoir of incomes. The young men are not there because they are inspired to do the work; they don't even do it with honest diligence; they are only to have the incomes; they only do as much work as saves appearances; and so they establish a low rate of work. A consequence is, the necessity for more clerks—an increase of the reservoir. Men acquainted with public offices will easily fill up this skeleton. Attempts have been made in some offices to amend the evil by introducing piece-work; a topical remedy that cannot reach the moral corruption of the matter. The root is the fact that the public office is kept as a preserve of patronage for the aristocracy and its connections.

Much cant is uttered against "the aristocracy;" but *that* is true. The aristocracy is the channel of promotion. Hence it creates for itself a forced influence. It keeps the best posts for itself and its own associates. To do this, the salaries are made very high; and then we are told that high salaries are necessary to secure persons of "station" and "weight;" it being assumed that persons without the wealth and connections conventionally implied in those terms would not do the work so well. A pure assumption, unsupported by any argument or experience. Some of our ablest statesmen have been of no birth—some, men of no wealth. Were the salaries pitched at a lower scale, the pressure of "gentlemen" to obtain official posts might not be so great, but gentlemen who felt a vocation would not be excluded by the smallness of the pay—their own means would enable them to indulge their humor; and probably the vacancies would be open to men who would make statesmanship more of a legitimate profession; who would reckon for advancement on professional ability and industry, and who would import into our statesmanship a greater amount of working energy than it now displays. A large number of men in the dilettante pursuit of statesmanship are men of mediocre abilities, who, apart from wealth and "station," could have risen to distinction in no profession whatsoever. Their occupation of the class excludes others of greater ability. Here the element of our mixed aristocracy of birth and wealth mischievously displays itself, and contributes to diminish the safety and stability of the state.

In the army, it is an aristocratic dogma that "blood" is necessary to make good officers: the only ostensible guarantee for blood is the test of a

high money purchase; but it is eked out with favoritism, and the scions of our aristocracy do swarm in the profession. The consequences are precisely analogous to those of the civil service—needless offices, lavish expenditure, swarming mediocrity, class exclusion, and the like. Similar abuses, in a minor degree, are seen in the navy. The church has its revolting inequalities of luxuries for lordly dignitaries, privation for the working clergy.

Were all these things mended, or were a sincere and comprehensive attempt made to mend them, it would be a real revolution, but a revolution at once opening into peace, contentment, and prosperity. Were they all done at once, a scheme so large, so practical, and so stirring, would fill the mind, and satisfy that appetite for action which is the hazard of the time. There is no reason, except one, why all should not be done promptly. There are vested interests in the existing system; but we need not wait for their dying off: let those interests be capitalized, and bought off at once by compensation. The reason we have excepted is the apparent want of men able and willing for the enterprise. Unless the revolution were to find its own instruments in the shape of men competent to the task, we suggest with little hope. A political shock seems needed to put some more adventurous blood into the treasury-bench; without it, we are likely enough to drift into the whirlpool of a more distant but dangerous revolution, through sheer helplessness to face the difficulties of an altered course.

From the Examiner, 25 March.

PROGRESSIVE REFORM THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

THE question so emphatically asked by the Duke of Wellington in the struggle for the reform bill in '31, "How is the sovereign's government to be carried on?" is now answered. While thrones are rocking and falling in the revolutionary commotions of Europe, mighty potentates trembling and veteran statesmen flying for their lives, not a murmur of political discontent is heard in England, not an agitation of any kind disturbs her quiet. After the trial of severe difficulties, of scarcity and financial embarrassments, the consequences of which are yet weighing on us, the country is tranquil and thoroughly well affected to its government and its institutions. This temper would not be so remarkable if there were a state of prosperity to account for it, but we are not basking in sunshine while the rest of Europe is darkened by storm; trade is not flourishing, the industrious part of the public have heavy burdens to bear with impaired means; but out of this pressure no disaffection has arisen, and the neighboring example, instead of inspiring any passion for change, has wonderfully strengthened the attachment to order and the existing form of government. The furnace heat of the French revolution has served indeed not to fire our house, but to warm the feel-

ing of loyalty. We have seen much to admire, much to sympathize with, much to deplore and dread, but nothing to desire the imitation of here, for here there are no long arrears of provocations and towering accumulations of grievances. We have our revolutions in another way, chronic, not acute, the smooth, even revolutions of the wheels of progress. The urgent causes of discontent have, one after another, been weeded away; and the consequence is, that the revolutionary impulses that shake the heaviest thrones on the continent will not, as transmitted here, support a pot-boys' riot. While thousands of bayonets sink before unarmed mobs abroad, England's sceptre is the constable's staff.

Never was the country so conservative, in the true sense of the word, as at this critical juncture. Its government now takes its reward for its reform policy. The work of renovation has precluded any disposition for wild innovation. But the conservative spirit which the neighboring revolution has called forth is not to be confounded with the stationary principle; it is the conservatism of progress made, and the conservatism of the policy and machinery by which further progress is to be made. No prudent and rational mind contemplates a halt; to go onward steadily, in order, is the course now sanctioned by experience.

Three systems have had their full trial within the last eventful seventeen years. England has had its progressive reform; Louis Philippe has had his opposite Cacus-like policy, to drag the nation backward into servitude; Austria and Russia have oppressively rested on the stationary principle. In these four great instances we have seen three decisive results. Tranquil England gives its shelter to the exiled King of the French, and the Austrian Emperor has to capitulate at the first summons of his people, and the minister of the stationary principle to fly for his life. And it was but a few months ago that this very statesman addressed a despatch to our government, calling upon it to declare its views as to the Italian discontents, and declaring the resolution of the emperor to offer an immutable resistance to any change; to which Lord Palmerston replied by a most able and spirited exposition of what true justice and true policy required. We can imagine the disdain with which the infatuated, unteachable minister read this admirable lesson, (for lesson it really was;) we can imagine, too, his poignant regret now, that he had not the wisdom to profit by it. Having admitted the territorial rights of Austria, Lord Palmerston proceeds to observe:—

With reference, however, to the posture of things in Italy, her majesty's government would wish to observe that there is another right besides that of self-defence and self-maintenance, which is inherent in independent sovereignty, and that is, the right which belongs to the sovereign power, in every state, to make such reforms and internal improvements as may be judged by such sovereign power proper to be made, and conducive to the well-being of the people whom it governs.

That right it appears that some of the sovereigns of Italy are now willing and prepared to exercise, and her majesty's government would hope that the government of Austria may think fit to employ that political influence which Austria legitimately possesses in Italy, with a view to encourage and support those sovereigns in such laudable undertakings.

Her majesty's government have received no information as to the existence of any such scheme as that which Prince Metternich mentions in his second despatch, as being planned for the purpose of uniting the now separate states of Italy in one federal republic; and her majesty's government entirely agree with his highness in thinking, for the reasons which he assigns, that such a scheme could not be accomplished. But, on the other hand, her majesty's government have been convinced, by information which has reached them from a great variety of quarters, that deep, widely-spread, and well-founded discontent exists in a large portion of Italy; and when it is considered how full of defects and how teeming with abuses of all kinds the present systems of government in several of those states, and more especially in the Roman States and in the kingdom of Naples, are known to be, it cannot be surprising that such crying evils should generate the strongest discontent; and it is very possible that men who feel the full intensity of the grievances under which they now are, and have for a long series of years been suffering, and who see no hope of redress from their present rulers, should take up any scheme, however wild, from which they may fancy they could derive a chance of relief.

This observation does not indeed apply with full force to the Roman states, because the present pope has shown a desire to adopt many of those much-needed reforms and improvements which in 1832 Austria, in conjunction with Great Britain, France, Russia, and Prussia, urgently advised the late pope to carry into execution; and it may be hoped that if the pope is encouraged and assisted by Austria and the other four powers in removing the grievances of which his subjects have long complained, the discontent which those grievances have created will soon die away.

But there are other states in Italy, and more especially the kingdom of Naples, where reforms and improvements are required almost as much as in the Roman territory; and her majesty's government would hope, that as no European power is more interested than Austria in preserving the internal tranquillity of Italy, so will the great and well-known influence of Austria in Naples be beneficially exercised in encouraging those reforms and improvements which will tend to remove the discontent, from which alone would spring any dangers by which that tranquillity is likely to be threatened.

Events have fully borne out these wise views; the worst government in Italy was the first to be convulsed, Sicily revolted, and the King of Naples yielded too late; this fired the whole combustible train; the example acted strongly on the minds of the French, and precipitated the events which hurled Louis Philippe from the throne; as at the game of nine-pins, one crowned head's fall then brought down another, and the Emperor of Austria next reeled with the shock of his new ally's overthrow.

Louis Philippe and the Austrian Emperor, Metternich and Guizot, had leaned upon each other for support, and for the maintenance of despotism;

and they have fallen, like the cards which children place in a similar precarious posture of mutual dependence. Similar events have had their course on the minor stages of royalty. Potentates, whom it would now be tedious to name, have been compulsorily making their concessions more or less gracious, vowing love to liberty, and promising good behavior. The potato-rot has been followed by a prince-rot. The military monarchy of Prussia has not escaped the common lot. The king's army fought for a few hours, spilled much blood in vain, but his majesty surrendered. He had not been one of the obstinate, benighted despots, he had not held out against all improvement, but he had not done enough to satisfy the wishes of his people.

To return to our text—the Duke of Wellington could not conceive how the government of the crown could be carried on if the democratic influence were strengthened; he thought there was no security but in the resistance to any change. The governments which have acted upon this system he now sees not carried on, as he expected, in full security and power, but carried off by mobs. His great tory friend, the King of Hanover, is quaking in his shoes, and speaking sugar-plums to his subjects. But here, where it was confidently predicted that revolution was to spring from popular concessions, her majesty's government is the only one in Europe which enjoys security, and the monarchy is in this terrible crisis more assured than it has been at any time since the accession of the House of Brunswick. And why! because it has been compliant, because it has been elastic, because it has conformed and adjusted itself to the wishes and opinions of the country. How different at this moment would be the state of things if tory counsels had prevailed, if reform in parliament had been denied, if the corn laws had remained unrepealed, and the cry against the bread-tax had been available for a clamor in the streets of our great cities! We have escaped revolution by the very measures denounced as fraught with revolution. But the lesson of satisfaction with the past and present must not stop there; it must be carried on. There are no safe resting-places in this deluge. By the same system of prudent progress, by which present safety has been procured, future security must be brought about. There can be no halt; the word must still be forward—forward without rashness, forward without wild, unattainable aims, but forward with steadiness, circumspection, diligence, and good courage.

We shall have alarmists amongst us who will mistake the means of safety, like the scholar of Hierocles in a storm who lashed himself to an anchor, or like the folly which we see every day in the streets, in people who get run over by standing stock-still in a thronged carriage-way, fearing to move, though upon moving their safety depends. When monarchs were differently mounted they could keep their seats with a free use of the curb and spur, but the steeds which they now bestride are so improved in mettle that it is only by giv-

ing the charger its head that he can be safely managed; and the give and take, not the dead pull, must be the rule. Queen Victoria's is happily a light bridle-hand.

From the Spectator, 8th April.

ENGLISH WRITINGS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

IT is an ill wind that blows nobody good: the third French revolution has furnished for our Quarterly Reviews a political topic that is not stale, is too large to be exhausted by the newspapers before the Reviews could come out, and has needed some breathing-time to comprehend it. The subject has been handled with a variety of success.

The *Westminster Review* presents an industrious and convenient resumé of the narrative, conceived in rather an optimist spirit, and losing itself, like an Australian river, in a quagmire—a currency discussion. The writer views with indulgence the social experiments of the French provisional government, distinguishing them from the restrictive labor measures enforced by trades-unions; lectures that government on copying the mistakes of England and America, by not providing for the representation of the minority as well as the majority in the national assembly—a minority, deprived of its chosen representatives, being a depository of discontent and antagonism; and, regarding a metallic money as a source of danger to the state, warns our government to prevent impending revolution by looking to the currency.

The *Quarterly Review* presents a compacter narrative, in the very opposite spirit—a pessimist conception, and starting with the postulate that “the late revolution was not produced by any misgovernment or mismanagement” on the part of King Louis Philippe or his ministry! The writer admits that there were faults in King Louis Philippe's management and contrivance, especially in the selfish *appearances* which he permitted himself to assume; but ascribes the revolution to the opportunity created by the reform agitation, of which the republican party took an unexpected advantage. Speculating on the future, the writer anticipates that the republic must end in anarchy; would not have despaired of Louis Philippe's recall had the Count de Neuilly been less stricken in years; thinks it more probable that the Count of Paris may be thought of as a symbol of order; and, admitting that “the times are perhaps not ripe for Henry V.,” thinks that if the Orleans branch be overlooked, “the restoration of the constitutional monarchy in the *direct line* is the most probable solution of all these complicated difficulties”—“the best guarantee for the progressive prosperity of France and the future tranquillity of Europe.” For our country the writer draws these conclusions. Our institutions are safer than they have been for sixteen years. A French republic in prospect was a dangerous example: the revolutionary experiment of 1830 has signally and calamitously failed; and the result is, to rally British loyalty round the

throne and strengthen the hands of our government. Only, government should “take speedy and effectual measures to suppress the chronic rebellion in Ireland;” and, to stop “the inroads of the whigs on the old constitution,” “the whole conservative party, of whatever shade,” must be reunited “in giving that strength, vigor, and consistency to her majesty's councils,” which “we, the humble echo of the most powerful feeling in the nation, tell her majesty and her ministers—respectfully, but frankly and confidently—cannot be derived from any other source.”

The *Edinburgh Review* takes the largest survey of the subject; narrating the causes rather than the events of the revolution; which are, indeed, too recent to need recapitulation or to be susceptible of high historic treatment. The reviewer accounts for the matter thus. During the revolutionary week of 1830, the republicans, a small but able and active party, conceived designs which they had no time to mature; subsequently, as they supposed, they saw more distinctly that they had missed an opportunity which they had not appreciated in time; the disappointment provoked by the errors of the Orleans dynasty gave a color of justice to the views of the republicans; who tried to make a better use of other opportunities. The French have an extraordinary custom of keeping open the fundamental questions of politics, and when disturbances arise, the several parties come forth in the streets to try their fortune and catch what they can. The republicans did this—as at the funeral of General Lamarque in 1832. But they were twice beaten in the streets. They altered their tactics: they indoctrinated clubs, obtained possession of seven daily journals, and induced the dynastic opposition (the Thiers and Odillon-Barrot party) to form an offensive alliance with them against the actual government; got up the reform agitation to cover their projects, obtained their opportunity by the help of the said dynastic opposition, started ahead of that party, and effected the revolution. The republican party has acquired a more elevated and less purely destructive character from its adoption of speculative theories on the subject of association. Its leaders are the same now that they were in 1830; scarcely more numerous now than then. The conversion of large working bodies to be republicans was sudden; their republicanism is of a different stamp, and threatens the permanency of the small party who have seized power, and who have substituted power for right. This republican party objects to limited monarchy as an impracticable figment: the king who reigns either does govern, and then the monarchy is not constitutional, or he does not govern, and then the so-called monarchy is a republic with the burden of a civil-list. The republican party regards nationality as the paramount right of nations: hence it is prepared to ally with nations seeking nationality, as opposed to combinations for support of limited monarchy: it contemned the quadruple alliance, and is aggressive in the tendencies of its foreign policy. The *Edinburgh Review* abstains

from prophecy; but regards the want of union and civil courage in the departments, the passiveness of Paris, with its civilization and its organized bourgeoisie, in submitting to the dictation of "a resolute self-willed minority" and the political clubs, as promising ill for the coming time.

A review of the Reviews* suggests three considerations, which are not without use to us in this country.

It seems to be clear that the revolution was effected by no one party who commanded a majority and had a matured plan to substitute for the régime that actually existed. The party which is for the time dominant appears to be in itself a positive minority, and one very limited in extent. Note, therefore, that in order to a revolution it is not necessary that the promoters of the revolution should be a majority, or even very numerous.

In one trait conducive to revolution, and one which has been actively developed in the late contest, the French essentially differ from us—an inextinguishable spirit of adventure, and especially the taste for a "lutte." This trait appears in every part of their conduct. It renders their debates an arena of *personal* contest in the way of oratorical emulation. It dictated the challenge of the twelve editors to mortal combat. Hence the military aggressive spirit of the nation; hence their strange unsympathizing alliances for offence. The trait appears even in their estimate of art: a French critic recently complained that Alboni's singing was too facile and perfect, so that you were not enabled to relish the triumph of art over difficulty; whereas in the singing of Duprez every note was a "lutte." Other nations cannot sympathize with this humor, which estimates things not by their merits, but by the victory implied in attaining them. It must arise from an imperfect sense of absolute truth and beauty, as well as from an inordinate sense of the pleasure derivable from mere action. The process is more valued than the end. Although we cannot sympathize with it, we must not wholly despise it. Our social culture tends to the opposite extreme, rendering us content with inaction and inordinately prone to compromise; inasmuch that we endure the continuance of many things which we despise and detest. The *just-milieu* of English politics is a perpetual compromise between good and evil, between expediency and conscience. It blunts the will of our statesmen, and produces such results as our present government.

In another circumstance England has much in common with France. The republican minority

obtained the strength which upset the dynasty from the discontent—aimless, perhaps, or conflicting in its objects—of other parties. The discontent of the reformers, the sullen, disappointed indifference of the bourgeoisie and the national guard, and the wilder views of the communists, all helped the unsettlement and made the opportunity of the republicans. It is not necessary that a discontent should be of a specific kind to be dangerous: each species of discontent lends power to every other.

From the Spectator, of 15th April.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MAY London be as well prepared for the cholera, and all other inflictions, when they come, as it was for the political disorder of which it felt the remote shock on Monday, like the spent wave from the sea troubled by some great and distant earthquake.

The aspect of the town that morning was unusual. The streets seemed to be prepared for a rough holiday; crowded and gay, yet displaying in many quarters closed shops, public buildings strangely barricaded, bridges guarded. The aspect of the people was no less peculiar. Certain streets were thronged by curious spectators, while not a few of the principal thoroughfares were deserted. There was a strong muster of police, on foot and horse. Mixed with the idlers and the police were special constables, distinguished by their white badges. You might have supposed that there was to be a great display of temperance people, and that preparations had consequently been made against ultra jovial enthusiasm. Where the crowds were thickest, and the police strongest, might be seen long lines of men walking with solemn faces, as though the whole importance of the day rested upon them. Now come certain respectable, well-dressed persons, with satin waistcoats and watch-chains, and other ornate attributes—the aristocracy of the working classes, duly conscious of appearing *comme il faut*. Then follow the fustian jackets, the staple of "the people, the only legitimate source," &c. Here again sundry Irish, unmistakably Milesian. Flags and banners, significant inscriptions, and a certain uneasy audacity of bearing, impart to the tomfoolery inherent in all processions a savor of the menacing, sufficient for dramatic interest. The day is a holiday made piquant with a spice of "gunpowder, treason, and plot."

There is, however, serious business on hand; each class having its own vocation. "Chartists" are there, trying to forward the enactment of their "six points" by getting up a show of numerical strength: speaking in the name of "the people," they want to seem the "people," and do not repudiate strange alliances for that purpose. The London branch of the Irish "Confederates" enter the field with an insane hope of revolution before the day is out, and of conquering Dublin in London. Discontented persons of any view swell the rout, with a vague expectation of overturning something. The thieves furnish their contingent, in hopes of a row and a scramble. It is a great muster and

* *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a paper which may take its stand with the quarterlies, obviously from the pen of the eloquent historian of Europe. The recent events are moralized according to Mr. Alison's well-known views; he claims to have predicted the revolution of 1848 as a necessary sequence of the revolution of 1830; ascribes it to the failure of "loyalty" and religion; and foresees no peace but in the restitution of loyalty with legitimacy—some day; loyalty being a much "cheaper guarantee for order than force." Mr. Alison forgets that dogmatic loyalty is a matter of feeling and habit—that it cannot be enforced, but can only happen.

demonstration by the allied forces of Chartism and disorder.

And there is a great counter-movement. The householders come forth, of all classes—higher, middle, and working—and parade on the side of loyalty as special constables. The poorer order of these consist mainly of such work-people as are most immediately and personally dependent on the wealthier classes. The force on this side is swelled by the blue-coated civil police. And hidden away from sight, in public buildings and barracks, is an army of soldiers ready for action. The ground of London was occupied, in fact, by two hostile armies; the would-be revolutionists on one side; on the other, the householders, the police, the military, and a large body of work-people. It was an unfought battle, the victory being taken by consent on the side of order.

The effect of the immense preparations made for the preservation of order is very happily shown in two results. The loyal force was so overwhelming, that aggression in the face of it was sheer mad impossibility. When revolution showed itself in Paris, the middle class abetted it: it is offered to London, and this is how the British capital has met the offer. The sound state of public feeling on that score, therefore, is placed beyond a doubt.

The strategic arrangements devised by the Duke of Wellington have thrown a new light upon the manœuvring of troops in street warfare. In previous cases, the people and the troops have been suffered to stand on the whole separate—the soldiery on one side and the insurgents on the other, with barricades between. There is a popular impression that with such an arrangement the people have it all their own way. A contemporary has pointed out that the occupants of the houses can turn the balance against the insurgents, just as they did in Paris against the troops. But the Duke of Wellington has shown that the troops can possess a town independently of that domestic aid: by advancing them into the midst of the people—stationing them at every point of strength—lodging them in public buildings, he took effectual security against any settled occupation of the streets by the turbulent: the military were complete masters of London. Wellington has “turned” the impregnable barricades.

Such was the state of London, in full possession of the authorities and the military. The chartists and their allies were permitted to hold their meeting, upon sufferance and upon their good behavior. The meeting over, the petition with its bale of spurious signatures was duly delivered at Westminster; and the crowd was broken up into small parties, who found their way home, sufficiently weary.

The suburbs were somewhat noisy that evening with idlers going home, more or less sober; and the day of intended revolution ended in a gossiping wonderment.

Some of the provincial towns tried their hands at a simultaneous demonstration; but on the whole it did not answer. Englishmen are too impatient

of dictation and organized discipline to succeed very well in simultaneous movements.

Tremendous rumors were vamped up in Dublin and Paris about the fate of London on Monday: it is quite frightful to read what happened to us all—in the French telegraph. English noblemen, however, are not yet driven to seek refuge in France; Mr. O’Conner is not installed in Downing Street; nor is Mr. Smith O’Brien promoted to office, like his friend “Leather Rowlin.”

In the course of the debate on the government security bill, Mr. Smith O’Brien complained that he had been called a “traitor;” at which the house burst into deafening cheers: he had been the first to *apply* the epithet to himself, and the house applauded vociferously. Sir George Grey rose to vindicate the bill against the honorable prisoner—for such, it will be remembered, is Mr. Smith O’Brien, though he is at large through the leniency of the law. Few scenes so striking have been witnessed in the house of commons as the shouts of contemptuous reprobation which the confederate had to face, or those of encouragement which hailed the home secretary as he rose, in polished phrase to drive home the epithet which had been self-applied. The malignity and effrontery of the treason, as Sir George arrayed the evidence, were only equalled by its puerility.

Another scene was of a more painful and disgusting kind, because serious interests, base fraud, and stupid ribaldry, are more thoroughly blended. Mr. Feargus O’Conner had introduced the Chartist petition as bearing some 5,700,000 signatures, and to make up round numbers he introduced another appendage petition with 30,000 signatures: it appears by the report of the committee on petitions that the signatures to the great petition are but 1,900,000; and that of that number many are purely fictitious—“Victoria Rex,” “the Duke of Wellington,” “Snooks,” “No Cheese,” and the like, with others, not names, but, said a member of the committee, such phrases as the most abandoned creatures would blush to utter. Mr. O’Conner tried to bear up against this exposure: he took advantage of a natural warmth on the part of Mr. Cripps, (who said that he should never again be able to trust any statement by Mr. O’Conner,) to merge the public fraud in a personal quarrel, and went away hinting at a challenge: but he was called back in custody of the serjeant-at-arms; the “unparliamentary” phrase was withdrawn by Mr. Cripps; and finally Mr. O’Conner was fain to abandon the fraudulently signed petition—the monster hoax. To us there is something very sad in this exposure. There is no doubt that among the signatures to the document are many genuine subscriptions of earnest and respectable persons; but, being poor, they are at the mercy of their agents; they are unfortunate in their representatives, and their honest declaration is tainted by the ribaldry, fraud, and mendacity of their inevitable associates.

Lord Lansdowne, not without urging, has introduced a new alien bill, giving ministers a discre-

tionary power of removing foreigners. It is rendered necessary by the influx from other countries of many persons likely to turn their residence here to machinations against the public peace. The only difficulty that we feel in assenting to the grant of such a power is the fact that "ministerial responsibility" has ceased to be more than nominal. Statesmen no longer answer for their administration "with their heads;" and even the minor responsibility of expulsion from office is nullified by the present indifference to place in other parties, and the ease with which the faithful commons tolerate any ministry that is sufficiently tame and truckles enough to the several "interests."

Although foreign affairs retain their character of importance and interest, the intelligence of the week presents less than the recent regular amount of change. Doubts beset the national movements here and there; but on the whole they advance.

France is in the least hopeful condition, as her worst enemies are within. In spite of fine speeches and eloquent state papers, the country is actually in a state of anarchy resembling that of the middle ages. People go about armed, the quiet for defence, the venturesome for sport; and lives are sometimes lost through "mistake." The powder-magazine at Lyons was in the hands of a drunken mob; the representatives of the government "hoping" that the key would be surrendered in a day or two. Government is avowedly busy in packing the elections for the national assembly: anything like a true representation of independent opinion seems out of the question. Not a glimpse of sunlight as yet pierces through the gloom.

Belgium is contiguous to France.

Germany is agitated by distracted counsels—fearing Russia, as yet quiescent; rather rebuffing King Frederick William, whose dictation is viewed with jealousy; but continuing active preparations for the constituent assembly at Frankfort. King Frederick William has just been obliged, in deference to the provisional diet at Frankfort, to rescind the election of federal representatives nominated by his own diet: they are to be elected by the whole people.

The Danes are making way into Schleswig-Holstein, but offering to treat.

Poland seems to be managing indiscreetly—quarrelling with her allies the Germans, and keeping up old feuds, that will enfeeble her before the Russian.

Austria declares war against Sardinia, and simultaneously offers to treat with the people of Lombardy for the cession of her sovereignty.

The *Algemeine Zeitung* says that the Emperor Nicholas has resolved to make no opposition to the restoration of the complete Polish nation, if he can obtain a footing in Constantinople; and that he is shaping his policy in that direction.

THE disclosures most damaging to royalty in France have been effected by the medium of a new

publication, *La Revue Rétrospective*, established by M. Taschereau for the special purpose of putting forth papers discovered in the Tuileries after Louis Philippe's flight. The first number contains documents relating to M. Blanqui, a member of the republican party; the second, documents touching the Spanish marriages. The documents relating to the case of M. Libri, previously published, belong to the same series.

The most important revelation is a very long letter, dated the 14th September, 1846, by King Louis Philippe to his daughter the Queen of the Belgians; in his own hand, and covered with erasures and corrections. It is virtually a reply to a letter that Queen Amélie had received from Queen Victoria; of which Louis Philippe says, "I am inclined to believe that our good little queen was as sorry to write such a letter as I was to receive it."

But she now only sees things through the spectacles of Lord Palmerston, and those spectacles distort and disfigure them too often. This is quite natural. The great difference between the spectacles of the excellent Aberdeen and those of Lord Palmerston proceeds from the difference of their dispositions. Lord Aberdeen wished to be well with his friends: Lord Palmerston, I fear, wishes to quarrel with them. This is, my dear Louise, that which caused my alarm respecting the maintenance of our cordial understanding when Lord Palmerston resumed the direction of the foreign office. Our good Queen Victoria sought to dispel those alarms, and assured me that there would only be a change of men. But my old experience induced me to apprehend that, through the influence of the disposition of Lord Palmerston, much more perhaps than his intentions, the political system of England would undergo a modification, gradual or sudden; and, unfortunately, the affairs of Spain have afforded an opportunity.

In the first moment that followed the perusal of the letter of Queen Victoria, I was tempted to write to her directly; and I even began a letter to appeal to her heart and recollections, and demand to be judged by her equitably, and, above all, more affectionately: but the fear of embarrassing her stopped me; and I prefer writing to you, to whom I can say everything, to give you all the explanations necessary to "replace the things in their true light."

He proceeds with an immensely long explanation, how he had uniformly refused thrones for his sons—Greece, Belgium, and Portugal; how he did not wish either of his sons to marry the Queen of Spain; how "the military successes of all my sons" created a considerable demand for them in Spain, especially for Aumale, but he remained firm; how he concluded to limit the choice of candidates for Queen Isabella's hand to the descendants of Philip the Fifth, and Lord Aberdeen concurred; but how Lord Palmerston totally departed from that understanding, and introduced Prince Leopold of Coburg as the first candidate. Queen Christina had been worked upon by English agents to suggest that prince, and "Bulwer" was "severely reprimanded" by Lord Aberdeen for his share of it. As to Montpensier, it had been ar-

demonstration by the allied forces of Chartism and disorder.

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of dictation and organized discipline to succeed very well in simultaneous movements.

Tremendous rumors were vamped up in Dublin and Paris about the fate of London on Monday: it is quite frightful to read what happened to us all—in the French telegraph. English noblemen, however, are not yet driven to seek refuge in France; Mr. O’Conner is not installed in Downing Street; nor is Mr. Smith O’Brien promoted to office, like his friend “Leather Rowlin.”

In the course of the debate on the government security bill, Mr. Smith O’Brien complained that he had been called a “traitor;” at which the house burst into deafening cheers: he had been the first to *apply* the epithet to himself, and the house applauded vociferously. Sir George Grey rose to vindicate the bill against the honorable prisoner—for such, it will be remembered, is Mr. Smith O’Brien, though he is at large through the leniency of the law. Few scenes so striking have been witnessed in the house of commons as the shouts of contemptuous reprobation which the confederate had to face, or those of encouragement which hailed the home secretary as he rose, in polished phrase to drive home the epithet which had been self-applied. The malignity and effrontery of the treason, as Sir George arrayed the evidence, were only equalled by its puerility.

Another scene was of a more painful and disgusting kind, because serious interests, base fraud, and stupid ribaldry, are more thoroughly blended. Mr. Feargus O’Conner had introduced the Chartist petition as bearing some 5,700,000 signatures, and to make up round numbers he introduced another appendage petition with 30,000 signatures: it appears by the report of the committee on petitions that the signatures to the great petition are but 1,900,000; and that of that number many are purely fictitious—“Victoria Rex,” “the Duke of Wellington,” “Snooks,” “No Cheese,” and the like, with others, not names, but, said a member of the committee, such phrases as the most abandoned creatures would blush to utter. Mr. O’Conner tried to bear up against this exposure: he took advantage of a natural warmth on the part of Mr. Cripps, (who said that he should never again be able to trust any statement by Mr. O’Conner,) to merge the public fraud in a personal quarrel, and went away hinting at a challenge: but he was called back in custody of the serjeant-at-arms; the “unparliamentary” phrase was withdrawn by Mr. Cripps; and finally Mr. O’Conner was fain to abandon the fraudulently signed petition—the monster hoax. To us there is something very sad in this exposure. There is no doubt that among the signatures to the document are many genuine subscriptions of earnest and respectable persons; but, being poor, they are at the mercy of their agents: they are unfortunate in their representatives, and their honest declaration is tainted by the ribaldry, fraud, and mendacity of their inevitable associates.

Lord Lansdowne, not without urging, has introduced a new alien bill, giving ministers a discre-

tionary power of removing foreigners. It is rendered necessary by the influx from other countries of many persons likely to turn their residence here to machinations against the public peace. The only difficulty that we feel in assenting to the grant of such a power is the fact that "ministerial responsibility" has ceased to be more than nominal. Statesmen no longer answer for their administration "with their heads;" and even the minor responsibility of expulsion from office is nullified by the present indifference to place in other parties, and the ease with which the faithful commons tolerate any ministry that is sufficiently tame and truckles enough to the several "interests."

Although foreign affairs retain their character of importance and interest, the intelligence of the week presents less than the recent regular amount of change. Doubts beset the national movements here and there; but on the whole they advance.

France is in the least hopeful condition, as her worst enemies are within. In spite of fine speeches and eloquent state papers, the country is actually in a state of anarchy resembling that of the middle ages. People go about armed, the quiet for defence, the venturesome for sport; and lives are sometimes lost through "mistake." The powder-magazine at Lyons was in the hands of a drunken mob; the representatives of the government "hoping" that the key would be surrendered in a day or two. Government is avowedly busy in packing the elections for the national assembly: anything like a true representation of independent opinion seems out of the question. Not a glimpse of sunlight as yet pierces through the gloom.

Belgium is contiguous to France.

Germany is agitated by distracted counsels—fearing Russia, as yet quiescent; rather rebuffing King Frederick William, whose dictation is viewed with jealousy; but continuing active preparations for the constituent assembly at Frankfort. King Frederick William has just been obliged, in deference to the provisional diet at Frankfort, to rescind the election of federal representatives nominated by his own diet: they are to be elected by the whole people.

The Danes are making way into Schleswig-Holstein, but offering to treat.

Poland seems to be managing indiscreetly—quarrelling with her allies the Germans, and keeping up old feuds, that will enfeeble her before the Russian.

Austria declares war against Sardinia, and simultaneously offers to treat with the people of Lombardy for the cession of her sovereignty.

THE *Algemeine Zeitung* says that the Emperor Nicholas has resolved to make no opposition to the restoration of the complete Polish nation, if he can obtain a footing in Constantinople; and that he is shaping his policy in that direction.

THE disclosures most damaging to royalty in France have been effected by the medium of a new

publication, *La Revue Rétrospective*, established by M. Taschereau for the special purpose of putting forth papers discovered in the Tuileries after Louis Philippe's flight. The first number contains documents relating to M. Blanqui, a member of the republican party; the second, documents touching the Spanish marriages. The documents relating to the case of M. Libri, previously published, belong to the same series.

The most important revelation is a very long letter, dated the 14th September, 1846, by King Louis Philippe to his daughter the Queen of the Belgians; in his own hand, and covered with erasures and corrections. It is virtually a reply to a letter that Queen Amélie had received from Queen Victoria; of which Louis Philippe says, "I am inclined to believe that our good little queen was as sorry to write such a letter as I was to receive it."

But she now only sees things through the spectacles of Lord Palmerston, and those spectacles distort and disfigure them too often. This is quite natural. The great difference between the spectacles of the excellent Aberdeen and those of Lord Palmerston proceeds from the difference of their dispositions. Lord Aberdeen wished to be well with his friends: Lord Palmerston, I fear, wishes to quarrel with them. This is, my dear Louise, that which caused my alarm respecting the maintenance of our cordial understanding when Lord Palmerston resumed the direction of the foreign office. Our good Queen Victoria sought to dispel those alarms, and assured me that there would only be a change of men. But my old experience induced me to apprehend that, through the influence of the disposition of Lord Palmerston, much more perhaps than his intentions, the political system of England would undergo a modification, gradual or sudden; and, unfortunately, the affairs of Spain have afforded an opportunity.

In the first moment that followed the perusal of the letter of Queen Victoria, I was tempted to write to her directly; and I even began a letter to appeal to her heart and recollections, and demand to be judged by her equitably, and, above all, more affectionately: but the fear of embarrassing her stopped me; and I prefer writing to you, to whom I can say everything, to give you all the explanations necessary to "replace the things in their true light."

He proceeds with an immensely long explanation, how he had uniformly refused thrones for his sons—Greece, Belgium, and Portugal; how he did not wish either of his sons to marry the Queen of Spain; how "the military successes of all my sons" created a considerable demand for them in Spain, especially for Aumale, but he remained firm; how he concluded to limit the choice of candidates for Queen Isabella's hand to the descendants of Philip the Fifth, and Lord Aberdeen concurred; but how Lord Palmerston totally departed from that understanding, and introduced Prince Leopold of Coburg as the first candidate. Queen Christina had been worked upon by English agents to suggest that prince, and "Bulwer" was "severely reprimanded" by Lord Aberdeen for his share of it. As to Montpensier, it had been ar-

ranged with Lord Aberdeen that he should marry the Infanta Luisa after Queen Isabella should have had a child; but when Queen Christina found Lord Palmerston encouraging the Progresistas, she became alarmed, flew to Paris, and insisted on the *simultaneous* marriage of the queen and infanta with the Duke of Cadiz and the Duke de Montpensier; to which Louis Philippe consented: "this," says he, "is my only deviation." "This family alliance suited me in every manner, and was equally agreeable to the queen and all my family." But he emphatically disclaims all intention of interfering in the internal affairs of Spain; expressing an anxious desire for the tranquillity of that country, and for the continued "friendship and confidence" of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. One passage in this explanation must be given in the king's own words—

In September, 1845, when Lord Aberdeen spoke to me for the first time, at the Chateau d'Eu, of the marriage of Montpensier with the Infanta, Queen Isabella II., although fifteen years of age all but a month, was not marriageable; and I can assert with all sincerity that, as long as this state of the queen's health continued, it would have been, even with Lord Aberdeen's observations, a complete obstacle to the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the infanta her sister. But the queen became marriageable in the course of the winter; and she being, according to the assurances that were given us, under the most favorable circumstances for the marriage state, nothing was left but to know whether the husband she might choose exhibited the best condition of virility. It seemed to me to be certain, from all the information, even of the most minute nature, taken upon this subject with regard to Don Francisco d'Assis, that he was in the required condition, and that consequently there was every probability united for hoping that their marriage would not be without issue.

Several small notes interchanged about the same time between M. Guizot and the king, while they disclose no particular fact, illustrate the familiar terms on which the king and his minister lived. The king begins one, "My dear minister," his usual form, and ends it, "Good night, my dear minister." M. Guizot uses terms of profound respect, but makes his own appointments for interviews, and arranges everything with the confidence of a man that presumes the concurrence of another, whose plans he is working with successful devotion.

Certain notes by M. de Salvandy display the most abject servility on the part of that arrogant and self-sufficient personage; who is always "laying" something at his majesty's "feet." One commences—

Sire, I have the honor to forward the [London] *Standard* to your majesty. Sounder opinions could not be entertained. It is true they cannot be derived from better sources.

[The *Standard* disclaims the inference that it was retained for the French government, or had used any "sources" but its own.]

In another letter, the intellectual Salvandy con-

found planets and legionary crosses, ambition and science, mathematics, geometry, and the lack of "correct opinions," in the most instructive way: observe how the independent minister of instruction busies himself to seduce young men of merit and ability—

I venture to make a request on the subject of M. Leverrier, the admirable discoverer of planets; whose heart melts with joy and gratitude for that officer's cross, which has produced the best effect with the public. Your majesty has taught this young savant ambition. He aspires to the honor of being permitted to lay at the feet of your majesty the expression of his gratitude and his overpowering sense of your favors. There are so few mathematicians or geometricians who entertain such correct sentiments, that I entreat your majesty to consent to see him, either in the morning or the evening—earlier or later. Your majesty will have achieved a conquest truly worthy of you.

The other set of documents begins with what appears to be the examination of a person under arrest before the minister of the interior, in October, 1839; subsequent papers appear to be reports by the same person, written in a much more spontaneous manner. The first is retrospective, and relates to the attempt of Barbès and others in May, 1839; the remaining papers are contemporaneous, and disclose the names, organization, and plans of the republican societies. At a meeting of one of the Paris clubs, last week, M. Blanqui avowed that these documents were his; but he said he could give an explanation, and demanded certain newspapers for the purpose. It has been awaited with some interest, but is not yet forthcoming. A strong feeling of anger prevails against M. Blanqui: he had been *President of the Republican Society!*

It may be stated for the information of foreigners, that no traveller, whether by steamer, railroad, or diligence, will now be admitted into Holland without a passport, hitherto not required.—*Times*.

MONDAY—ITS LESSONS.

THE adventures of Monday were a great lesson to the Chartists and their more turbulent allies among the working classes. They had challenged the government and the friends of order to a trial of strength; and their own display was a pitiable exposure of weakness. They threatened to come in hundreds of thousands; and they could not, with all the appendages of a London crowd, muster more than a tithe of the threatened numbers. To swell the show, they were content to assort with Irish repealers, mere anarchists, and ragamuffins of various kinds, towards whom they have no sympathy. As they marched along in their separate contingents, the aspect of physical weakness in the greater part was painful. No settled councils guided them; violence was compensated by wavering; the delegates quarrelled among themselves on the very platform; the leaders were distrusted by the body of the meeting; whether in reality, or through a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, which

may easily be credited, their leaders were fain to assume an appearance of gross cowardice; the procession, which was to force its way to the doors of parliament through "blood," &c., was abandoned; and the monster petition, which was to have been backed by a vast multitude, who were to dictate its acceptance, was quietly carried in a couple of cabs. Shouts of violence, scowls, gestures of bitter mortification and disappointment, attested the presence of a malignant spirit in the immediate attendants of the meeting, and their conscious discomfiture. The women who hung upon the skirts of the baffled revolutionists, as usual, gave tongue to the smothered ire, and assailed the special constables—the citizens arrayed for the protection of order—with virulent abuse. There was much in the exhibition that was disgusting; and as to the matter of strength, it was so overwhelming on the side of authority, that some trenchant politicians almost regret the peaceful result; the whole force of the disorderly could have been blown to pieces, and not a few impatient spirits are disappointed that the anarchists were not made to feel the power they braved, by proxy, in the persons of a few Chartists scattered before the deadly engines of war!

But is the lesson only to the Chartists? Here are the active spirits, the leading part of the working-classes of London; they make a sad display of turbulent discontent, of evil associations; they betray a miserable disposition to follow their ill-chosen leaders either into mad excess or humiliating retreat; they burlesque their own threats by the exhibition of their sickly aspect. But is all this matter of exultation? Surely it shows that some other classes besides these working people are chargeable with great dereliction of duty.

There is one thing that, alone, might have prevented all the really decent folks in that crowd, men or women, from being misled by the wretched pretenders and insane fanatics who headed them—*general education*.

Of the *genuine* Chartists, we believe that they are on the whole the élite of the working men—the most intelligent, the best informed, the most inspired by a manly ambition. What induces them, then, to consort with silly "confederates" of Ireland, mere idlers, ragamuffins, and thieves! It is that they are slighted, and so fly to illicit means for enforcing a better consideration. The doctrines they uphold are not absolutely irrational; but we will venture to say that something very far short of the "six points" would disarm all the bitterness of the true Chartist. If he saw in the legislature any sincere disposition to consider the interests, the opinions, and the wishes of the working classes, he would be satisfied. But a singular monopoly of logical necessity is enforced upon the advocates of the working classes. Other classes are indulged in their special interests, their prejudices, and their fancies; the frauds of the railway speculator are not too nicely searched, the prejudices of the protectionist are tenderly and sparingly combated, the humor of the landlord sportsman is consulted; but when it is a question of compliance with the notions of

the working classes, precise data and strict reason are exacted. It is usually so even when some genteel patron pleads for them—though concessions have been obtained by an Ashley which no numbers of working people could have extorted. The genuine politician of the people is excluded from a franchise which includes the mercenaries of Harwich and Bewdley. The just claims of the working man to political consideration are postponed to the "vested interests" of the upper classes who deal in parliamentary corruption and special legislation. It is a social pride which excludes the "lower orders" from equal attention, unless they come recommended by distinguished patrons. It is this denial of consideration which drives the Chartist to fix, with dogged pertinacity, on his "six points," adopt any leaders who can plead for him in parliament, and beat up for recruits among classes as low as those whence her majesty recruits her forces. He only wants not to be trifled with. Concede him that—really as well as professedly "consider" him, his opinions and his petition, and he will not repeat the discreditable scenes of last Monday.

But that is not all. We boast that the force opposed to the middle-class constables and the soldiery was contemptible in point of physical strength and the outward signs of spirit: is it so, and are we to exult? Indeed, this is the saddest part of the case. We fear it is so. We fear it is not only our towns that exhibit this stunted humanity: in many parts the agricultural population is in a very wretched state of poverty. A writer in a Wiltshire paper describes a meeting of distressed laborers and their wives—the stalwart frames of the men shrunk with scanty food, the women emaciated and incapable of the maternal functions, the children sickly and puny. It is the same in other quarters. You may contrast the "cheap" cotton gowns and cotton rags that now clothe the women, with the woollens and homespun hose that once kept them warm. We boast of our riches, and vaunt statistical proofs of our manufacturing greatness; but, if troubles came, it is not by money and piece-goods that England would vindicate her nationality and good order. We have attended too exclusively to money wealth and trading greatness. The facts prove it. The hearty feeling, the homely comfort, the sturdy vigor, which made Englishmen take a pride in their country and able to defend it, have evaporated. When the clothier's yard supplied the familiar measure for the national weapon—when peasants spun their own goods—they handled less coin, the roads to market were not so easy, time was more wasted than it has been since the greater division of employments, and the country was not so rich in money; but, somehow, the people were robuster, had more enjoyments, and had a better spirit. Nations sink and rise; peoples wax and wane in their physical strength: history presents more than one example. Our laws conduce to opulence in certain classes, and to an enormous aggregation of wealth: but there must be something wrong in the social arrange-

ments of a nation whose sons "dwindle, peak, and pine" before your eyes—grow more discontented and more thoughtful as they grow feeblar. No obedience to the dogmas and commonplaces of politics and public economy can absolve the council of the nation from the duty of attending to other matters besides the promotion of trading facilities and money wealth.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner, 15 April.

THE PARALYSIS OF REVOLUTION.

It is a great blessing that a nation cannot hoard; that it cannot collect, in any tangible or changeable substance, the revenues or the wealth of years. Despots have done this, or tried to do it; but countries ruled by despots are necessarily so poor and undeveloped, that no parsimonious sovereign has ever left a treasure capable of sufficing to the plans and extravagance of more than two years of his successor. A nation scatters its wealth like manure upon the soil, or blows it in the envelop of a balloon into air, or heaps it up in stones, or melts it in iron and machinery. It all goes to swell power—productive power; and the exertion of this power depends on the state of the body social and politic, just as much as the active and useful movement of the arm depends on the healthy condition of the stomach, and vigorous condition of the whole frame.

Could nations hoard wealth and make prosperity tangible and substantial, they might make revolutions at little cost, as did the Romans and Athenians. But when countries like France and Germany proceed to imitate Rome and Athens, they find it accompanied by an annihilation of wealth, and consequently of power, and almost of existence. Society and all its action now depends upon wealth; and upon unseen, untangible wealth; which was quite different in the olden time. Rome could make a revolution one day and a war the next, without a chancellor of the exchequer. Revolutionists imagine they can do the same, but find that the modern world is quite different from the ancient.

An amusing example of this is offered by the Germans. The first act of the King of Prussia, when he found his kingdom *en revolution*, was to declare that he would be chief of military Germany; and he threatened at the same time to invade Denmark. His subjects clamored that he should lead them against Russia, and Frederic William seemed very willing to do anything for the sake of being at the head of an army. But poor Frederic William has not been able to move, nor to collect an army of 50,000 men. He has no money, no credit; he is paralyzed.

The Austrians made the same mistake, and were in the same predicament. Their voices, too, were in the first instance all for war. They would reconquer Italy, and send 80,000 men to Lombardy. Impossible! In times of revolution no one pays taxes or lends money. The movement folks at Frankfort are just as powerless as the monarchic

folks of Vienna and Berlin. They would make war on Russia forthwith, if they could only raise the wind. They cannot. The native city of Rothschild is as poor as a church mouse. The revolution has annihilated capital, credit, revenue, and everything else.

The provisional government, with all the experience that Paris has had of revolutions, is no better off. Financier succeeds financier, scheme follows scheme, but all schemes of taxation, spoliation, or socialization fail. The government is paralyzed. Its legs will not move, nor its arms. Even its tongue, that used to go so glibly, hangs listless from the side of its mouth. Every country in Europe is paralytic. Singular to say, when we heard of these revolutions, the first idea that started up was, that the necessary consequence would be war. France was to rush into Belgium and Germany, the Germans were to rush into Poland, the Austrians into Italy. Not one of them stirs, not one raises an arm. We forgot that credit and finance have been long substituted for any popular or living muscle, and that it will require immense time and care to cure them of their paralysis, or awake the old dominant, popular muscle, of use in ancient times. The French in their first revolution took two or three years to get the popular muscle into activity. When they did, they thrashed all Europe; but it was a tedious job to get it into activity.

At present, however, it is evident that each country will enjoy a considerable lapse of time, wherein to settle its affairs and its constitution, and recruit its strength, ere active war is possible. For neither Charles Albert's attack nor Marshal Radetski's defence can be considered as anything very serious. Even the internal struggle is likely to be carried on by argument and by fire of intellect, without the interference of armies, or, we trust, of the turbulent population.

In general the authorities, constituted by the revolution, enjoy undisputed sovereignty. The provisional government has everywhere shown every power, even that of raising money. All the old authorities have bowed to it. In Frankfort has taken place the most striking instance of the abdication of an old sovereign power into the hands of the popular and the new. The German diet has repealed all its harsh decrees, and having thus made its shrift, it gave up the ghost in the arms of the fifty members of the German federal congress. Nowhere has the majority of the people been more triumphant; and triumphant too by the mere force of public opinion, which armed and titled men, generals and nobles and sovereigns obey.

It is singular to see governments, which we have so truly depicted as paralytics, still worshipped in their bed-ridden chairs. In Germany, however, every one is looking forward to a political millennium; it is the land of imagination, trust, and hope. The French are not so sanguine, but they are patient; and this, in times of revolution, is a great virtue. With the upper and middle classes resigned and patient, government with its hands

tied and its pockets empty, and the laboring class and the clubs not too uproarious or revolutionary, there are hopes that the national assembly may strike some light out of chaos, and rebuild some kind of habitable edifice out of the ruins, amidst which they will soon be assembled.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

He walks out with his wife on a week day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first, to knock at the door, when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He will get up in the middle of the night to rock the cradle, or answer the door-bell. He allows the mother-in-law to stop in the house. He takes wine with her, and lets her breakfast in her own room. He eats cold meat without a murmur or pickles, and is indifferent about pies and puddings. The cheese is never too strong, or the beer too small, or the tea too weak for him. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly with a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Epsom, or a gig in the Park on Sunday. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the opera once a year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He carves, but never secretes for himself "the brown." He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering the dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch-key.

He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a charwoman to wait on him. He goes down on the Saturday, and comes up on the Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He checks the washing-bills. He pays the housekeeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eye to the "sundries." He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down; letting his wife waltz, and drink porter before company. He runs all her errands, pays all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.—*Punch*.

NOBILITY AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE season for continental tripping and touring being happily rather remote at the present period of the year, there is just a chance that, by the time the autumn comes round, the state of Europe will be sufficiently tranquil to allow one to entertain the notion of going, for pleasure, to France or Italy. Unless a change does take place, the Pyramids will be the only perfect substitute for Baden-Baden, and the port of Ascalon will be the recognized apology for Boulogne, as a foreign bathing-place.

We shall be hearing of a *table-d'hôte* on the shelving precipices of Palmyra, and a boarding-house started on the Libyan sands, with water laid on from the grand African Junction and Friendly Nile Association, for the supply of genuine Nile on equitable principles. The means of rapid locomotion are so very numerous, that the journey to these remote places will be almost as easy as it used to be formerly to visit France or Italy; and, as peace and quiet are indispensable to the full enjoyment of a holiday, nothing nearer than the Pyramids can be thought of, at present, by travellers for pleasure.—*Punch*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 19th April, 1848.

IT is an inquiry of some interest, how the revolution of February has affected letters and the drama in Paris. The *feuilletons* of some of the journals have been occupied with it, and the common opinion appears to lean unfavorably. A citizen *Thoré*, however, in the *Constitutionnel*, predicts a wonderful improvement; but his own style and vein are not the best symptoms. Here you have a sample. "The republic will be the new Messiah, that must accomplish all the strangest prophecies of the fathers and the martyrs of popular religion. In twenty years, our men will be braver and more intelligent; our women handsomer and stronger," &c. The critics admit a striking deterioration of the drama; all stage business is metamorphosed to suit the coarsest tastes; at the same time, except for the gratis performances, the boxes are empty. Ninety thousand persons are reckoned to attend the clubs every evening; thus, the usual pit audiences are greatly thinned. Both primary and secondary performers meditate emigration; some eight or ten have applied to the American Consul, to learn whether they could succeed in the United States. On the 16th inst., at the important theatre, the *Ambigu Comique*—grand melo-drama, music and ballet—just as the curtain should have risen, the principal director stepped forth, and with a dismal aspect, announced that his choruses and *figurists* refused to act until he paid them the fortnight's salary due, which was wholly out of his power. Uproar—the rebellious singers and dancers took to flight. The recovery of the money paid for places was a sequel of two days' clamor and negotiation.

The annual exhibition of the works of living French artists is open at the Louvre. A jury appointed by the government has hitherto determined the selection among five thousand pieces on the average. This year the jury were overtaken by the revolution; they thought themselves obliged to proceed on the maxims thundered into their ears—liberty, equality, and fraternity; perhaps, they were too much excited or frightened for discrimination. As many pieces as the walls could receive were despatched *pêle mêle* to the galleries. The distribution, or rather juxtaposition, was quite as confused and disorderly. On my visit I felt inclined to thank the revolution, so grotesque is the display; even the people felt this

effect, so that it became necessary to withdraw the most ludicrous or monstrous daubs, lest rougher hands than those of the attendants should redress the grievance. There are a few excellent portraits; most of the large display are terribly bad; the small or cabinet pictures are the least exceptionable; the historical, legendary, novelist, mere fancy or picturesque, abound, some well-imagined and executed; there are fine landscapes—in which, by the way, the French school makes progress. Not a few of what are styled the *portrait-landscapes* indicate reform in coloring; fidelity to the hues of creation, for which it has been the ordinary sin of the French *naturalist*-pencil to substitute extravagant tints, and masses of light and shade, which no eye of the body has ever beheld. The fantastic subjects—and those of mere effect, betray more distemperature of the taste than they indicate esthetic refinement. *La Revue des Deux Mondes* observes—"On the whole, every amateur, when he leaves the Louvre, condemns the exhibition as *detestable*." A considerable reduction must take place in the legion of artists; they can no longer live by their trade; the most skilful are threatened with starvation; they, too, would betake themselves to America, if the Americans could encourage them to incur the risk. Who can expect to sell pictures and statues, when the family plate of marshals and ex-peers and ex-mighty stockholders is heaped at the mint to be exchanged for necessary coin?

All the former glittering stars in the fashionable firmament, all the *celebrities* in the political sphere, have sunk under the horizon. The extent and depth in which, as the French speak, *existences* are displaced, curtailed or subverted, transcend all that any other than an old resident in Paris could conceive. For ten years I had been industriously enlarging and culling a French acquaintance, which formed at last, for literature, politics, science, and mere social converse, the very circle which I coveted. On no day since the revolution would it have been possible for me to assemble in the evening, eight or ten of the hundred and fifty of the two sexes. I have been able to see twenty or more in private visits; all smitten—all changed; nearly every one admitting that royalty was beyond resurrection, yet in despair as regarded the futurity of France, or their own public life, or lawful and fixed personal aims.

If an American were tempted to indulge any spite, in connection with the change in the order of things, it would be towards the alteration of the strain and tone of the two principal old conservative journals, about our institutions and political condition and prospects. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the 15th February—"It is well to examine which system, the republican or monarchical, offers most guaranties of freedom and stability;" and the reviewer then proceeds to signalize certain pretended excesses of the American President and his party, in the matter of the Mexican war. Since the 24th February, the Review has discovered a pattern-political and social system in our

Union. But it is the *Journal des Débats*, the organ of the court and the champion of the monarchy, which rings the supreme palinode. Our "epileptic" democracy was its beacon for France, to the disorders, spasms, perils, of which, attention was to be most emphatically directed every week. The democratic party was all ambition, anarchy—a dissolvent for the Union, and all permanent social relations and welfare. Eight or ten times since the date just mentioned, has the *Débats* leaped beyond the Review in its indications to France of the excellent and luscious fruits of the American tree of liberty. Yesterday, it took occasion to censure the provisional government, for anticipating the national assembly, in abolishing productive taxes, and pursued this parallel:—

Let us imagine for a moment, a condition of affairs in the United States analogous to that of France at this moment. A committee of eleven persons is provisionally invested with the government. We will suppose it composed, by way of hypothesis, of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Hancock, and other men of equally powerful minds and energy of character. This committee begins by convoking, at a short notice, a national convention. This is what has been done here. It proclaims to the citizens, that in consequence of the necessities of the treasury, the existing taxes are to be continued until the meeting of the national assembly: this they also had the good sense to do here a few days after the revolution. It is probable, moreover, that these same men, religious observers of the law as they were, would be determined to defer the repayment of the drafts on the treasury in case of need, if the treasury was heavily charged with them, as in our case; and even that they would have taken upon themselves to add forty-five per cent. when they found the government could not go on without such a tax. But, we can decidedly affirm that, having in prospect an exhausted treasury, with increasing expenses and uncertain receipts, they would never have signed a decree which must deprive the state of a revenue of seventy-two millions of francs, easily collected—(the salt tax)—a decree to be put in operation seven months after the meeting of the national assembly!

We cite what would have been done by Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Hancock, because these are the patterns for every one to imitate in a republic, indeed, in any form of government. Those courageous and enlightened citizens may well be called republicans of the day before, (*la veille*), for they have founded a republic which has had a long day after, (*lendemain*)—a glorious republic, on which the French workmen, as well as the rest of the world, ought to keep their eyes fixed, since it is doubtless the country where labor is best compensated and most honored.

At day-break, yesterday, we had a second universal alarm and splendid array of protection. Between three and four, A. M., it was reported that the communists, now the generical term for the lowest and fiercest rabble, had attacked several posts of the national guards, marshalled strong bands, and concerted the reduction of the Hotel de Ville. The new guard were the first to take the field; they scoured the streets and boulevards, dispersed various groups of the assailants, made some

prisoners, and retired for rest to their barracks as soon as the old guard came forth, which was by six o'clock—upwards of a hundred thousand—within an hour after the beating of the *rappel*. Multitudes of the populace went to the offices of the mayors to ask arms, but, being of suspicious aspect, were repelled; to the good men and true ammunition was distributed at their several public rendezvous. At the *barrière de la Villette* a wagon was seized, endeavoring to enter clandestinely, with eight hundred muskets. Blanqui and his club held a *secret* session on Sunday last, which quickened the vigilance of the authorities. You must read a report of the journal, the *Union*, of a sitting of that club to understand how the public peace might or may be disturbed. A fellow, who ventured to cry *Down with the republic!* was first trampled under foot and then dragged to the police-prison; another, preaching *communism*, escaped from being drowned in the Seine by the intercession of popular officers. A man on horseback, with a drawn sabre in one hand and a proclamation in the other, and followed by a band armed to the teeth, fell into the hands of a detachment of the new guard, who threw him and his suite into durance vile. All the posts were doubled, and additions made to the imposing force in and about the prefecture of police. The commander-in-chief of the guards and the staff, paraded everywhere, haranguing the several corps as they reviewed or passed them. It was, altogether, a new manifestation of a good spirit, encouraging for all the respectable world, but, as one of our disaffected editors exclaims—"A fine security, indeed, which requires that a hundred and fifty thousand men be constantly on the alert to defend it!" You will see, by the enclosed extracts, that a civil war in this capital may break out from day to day, though we can scarcely doubt that the desperadoes and free-booters and the dupes of the fanatical or profligate demagogues will succumb. The provisional government has, with no slight skill and exertion, succeeded in winnowing the journeymen artisans and common laborers, comprising them in the compact and equipped masses of the guards, and enlisting their pride as protectors of order and property. The worst, and a large portion of their antagonists, consists of adventurers and malefactors of every description lured from the interior by the chances of riot and plunder. Another achievement of the government serves to lessen distrust. The new guards, who at first cried out against the return of regular troops to Paris, now favor the measure, under new influences. They wish to be relieved, in part, from a perpetual hard duty; besides, they are to *fraternize* on a footing of equality, if not condescension. General Changarnier has been here for two days, and it is believed that he accepts the place of commander of the garrison. This news, and the transactions of the morning, and the arrival of portions of regiments in the environs, who come for the celebration of to-morrow, caused the funds to rise in the afternoon on the exchanges. It was stated, however, that sharp altercations had

been overheard between members of the provisional government. The journals understood to be the organs of three of them respectively, Ledru-Rollin, Blanc, and Flocon, deny that any real conspiracies or hostile attempts have occurred; they intimate that the whole *hubbub* is a contrivance of Lamartine and two of his colleagues—accomplices—to create a power superior to that of the duly energetic and watchful votaries and guardians of the revolution and the republic. An open rupture in the government might prove a dangerous or severe shock. The *National*, of this morning, says—"Civil war, perhaps"—and again admonishes the *anarchists*, whether monarchical or *socialist*, to beware. It adds, that the inopportune or premature application of theories of social regeneration would be *anarchy*. It calls for the immediate dismissal of all the ex-deputies that voted for the Pritchard indemnity, who still hold high public functions—such as those of judges, generals, superior law-officers, &c. The number is a hundred and forty-one; fifty-five have been already cashiered. Their names and offices are published in large characters. The bar is much shaken. Manly resignations and protests, from the bench and the *parquet*, multiply. The magistracy of France was signally respectable. It cannot be renovated for the better, in point of learning and capacity; possibly, it will not be rendered less subservient in political judicature.

A ministerial decree, dated yesterday, abolishes the octroi on meat, (the gate-tax,) and undertakes to indemnify the municipal exchequers by a *progressive* impost on all rents above eight hundred francs. This descends roughly on proprietors whose rents are not paid, or who are forced to give receipts for imaginary payments. The government promises a sumptuary tax on carriages, servants, and dogs. The octroi on *wines* is to be modified, in few days hence, for the alleviation of the common consumers—a laudable reform, if not accomplished at the expense, arbitrarily, of some classes like the landlord—the least formidable. Tidings from the provinces bode no comfort. Serious disturbances at Amiens, Lyons, Valence, and other large towns. More departments have expelled the government commissaries for high-handed, revolutionary processes. At St. Etienne convents have been sacked by "furies in the shape of women," and in another quarter even an establishment of the deaf and dumb assaulted. The passion of riot and devastation seems epidemical in France and Germany. The French national guards in the interior are not deficient in resolution and promptitude for repression where this is practicable.

Authentic accounts arrive of a new organization, by the Prussian government, of the Duchy of Posen, favorable to Polish nationality, and of the surrender of Peschiera, by the Austrians, to the Italian forces. That fortress is an important acquisition, geographical and strategical. The Prussian troops have entered Silesia, and an immediate collision with the Danes was expected. Holstein and the German portion of Schleswig are

of considerable maritime importance to the Germanic confederation; but the Danes, with their insular advantages, their naval armaments, and their determination, will not be easily constrained to the relinquishment of either duchy.

Vegetation in France has rarely been so advanced and luxuriant at this season, as it is—of every kind. Abundant crops are promised, from every quarter, though much interruption in tillage and husbandry is experienced. The question of the *manures* is undertaken in France and England with fresh zeal by chemists and agriculturists, and the scientific societies. So complicated is the machinery of the French elections, that the Paris Academy of Sciences has been chiefly engaged in devices and calculations for simplifying it, and rendered possible the taking and counting the millions of votes in any tolerable time. Messrs. Charles Dupin, Cauchy and Leverrier have, as a committee, submitted their report on the subject.

From the Newspapers.

THE social principle laid down as the first and commanding object of the revolution of February appears to have created alarm all over France, for it is feared that it will be applied on such a scale as to place all acquired rights in jeopardy. That there are many persons who, from motives which do them little honor, would oppose all amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes, there can be no doubt; but on the other hand there is an immense mass of intelligent men possessing property, who are very willing to make sacrifices in favor of their less fortunate fellow-countrymen, but who cannot understand upon what principle of liberty and fraternity their property is to be wrested from them to realize the wild theories which have been put forth, and be dissipated in experiments of unproductive labor. The *Constitutionnel* says:—

The communists must have convinced themselves on Sunday, that if property could ever be abolished, France is the last country in the world in which it could be. The reason is simple—it is that there is not a country in which fortunes are so divided. Is there a question of territorial property? The number of landowners is 11,000,000. As to personal property? Within thirty years alone there are upwards of 600,000 new *patentés*, who for the most part are workmen who have become manufacturers or tradesmen. Let us add that a movement is taking place in this kind of property, which every day calls new persons to enjoy it. It is calculated that under our civil law, fortunes seldom reach the third generation; and how many, before that lapse of time, are divided either by the division of successions, or by the chances of trade and manufactures? If property be a theft, as an adept of communism has said, the great majority of the French are thieves; the number of them increases every day, and what is the best thing to be done is to endeavor to increase it still more rapidly. Property which communists treat as robbery is liberty; it is the school of public and private virtues; and a family, which from mercenaries becomes possessors, rises in its own esteem—as M. Michelet has said in picturesque language—"It gathers a harvest of virtues from its soil—the sobriety of the father, the econ-

omy of the mother, the courageous labor of the son, the chastity of the daughter—all that is in the sentiment of property which places a man in a closer alliance with nature."

In his letter to the members of the provisional government, M. Cabet says that he was occupied on Sunday afternoon in a general meeting of the shareholders of the *Populaire* in discussing questions which concern the Iscariot communists, when he heard that the *rappel* was being beaten, and that it was reported that the communists, headed by him, were assembled in a mass in the Champ de Mars, and were about to proceed in arms to the Hotel de Ville to overthrow the government, and that they desired incendiarism and pillage. Notwithstanding these rumors, he and his friends calmly continued their deliberations. He adds that the national guard, from 80,000 to 100,000 in number, cried all the day and evening, "Down with communism!" "Down with Cabet! We must hang Cabet!" and that the threats against him were so violent that, in compliance with the wishes of his friends, he and his wife left their home. M. Cabet then says that no one ever displayed more love and devotedness to the working classes than he, and that none ever labored more for their happiness and moralization. He never, he declares, demanded the application of his doctrines, which he says are those of the gospel, by violence and constraint, but only by discussion, persuasion, and free consent, and he says that, in order to change nothing in France, his disciples had intended to emigrate to America, to try their system at their own risk and peril, and that a number of their brethren had actually left.

We read in the *Union*:—

On Sunday evening the attendance at citizen Blanqui's Central Republican Club was not very numerous, though it was expected that the proceedings would be more than usually interesting. Blanqui presided. The first speaker, one of the *bureau*, began by saying:—"To-day we have been vanquished, and I come to speak to you as conquered men, that is to say, with hatred in the heart and vengeance in the hand!" He then went on to say that, when the workmen were assembled in the Champ de Mars, a message was brought them on the part of the provisional government, to the effect that the Hotel de Ville was threatened, and that their assistance was required. "But," cried he, "Oh! what treason! Whilst we were thus being called on, an appeal against us was made to the national guard, and the national guard also were told that an attempt was to be made to overthrow the government, and that they were required to defend it!" In compliance, he said, with the demand, the workmen hastened to the Hotel de Ville; but their astonishment was great, on arriving at the Pont St. Michel, to see the Hotel surrounded with bayonets. "This," he added, "this, citizens, is the signal of reaction! There are men who have divided the inhabitants of Paris into two classes; but woe to those who have assumed the responsibility!" Another speaker said that the lesson which the people should deduce from what had occurred was never to descend into the streets unarmed. A third demanded that, in order to enable the people

to assemble rapidly, which was at present impossible, an organization similar to that of the old secret societies—that of the Droits de l'Homme, for example—should be adopted. Citizen Blanqui said that that had not been done, because such measures recalled the times of tyranny, and that it had been hoped that under the reign of liberty they could dispense with such assistance. But he added that, as the counter-revolution was being organized, he would the next day nominate chiefs of sections, and establish the Société Centrale Républicaine on the basis of the old secret societies. A formal proposition to that effect was adopted. Some discussion took place on communism, and in its name a protest was made against the agrarian law. It was then said that the cries of “Down with Communism!” were very significative, for they had been uttered by those who dared not cry “Down with the Republic!” This declaration excited some dissatisfaction among the auditory, and a young man made himself remarkable by the earnestness with which he cried, “Vive la République! A bas le Communisme!” Some people connected with the club took him by the arm, and attempted to compel him to ascend the tribune to explain who he was and what he meant; but the bystanders protected him, and eventually he was let alone. In winding up the sitting, citizen Blanqui spoke of the counter-revolution. He stigmatized what he called its cowardly, weak, and ridiculous triumph of that day. He said that his greatest sorrow was to see more than half their misled brethren (meaning the workmen in the national guard) taking part in the reaction. He declared that what he called the enthusiasm of bayonets was too cowardly to last, and he concluded by exhorting his hearers to display confidence, courage, and patience, until the great day of retribution should arrive.

YESTERDAY afternoon a yellow placard was stuck up in Paris, on which was printed, “Workmen, take good care of your arms and ammunition, for the revolution is not finished!”

A LETTER from Vienna, of the 12th, addressed to the *Emancipation*, says:—“We live here in the most complete terror and anarchy. Everybody desires to govern—workmen, students, and journalists oblige us, every morning, to display the German flag, black, red, and gold. The night is passed in tumult. We hear nothing but the noise of *charivaris*, of broken windows, and the clamors of the multitude. Even our old archbishop is not respected. The Ligorians (Jesuits) and the female Ligorians have been driven away. The people enjoy the most absolute independence, but all that can lead us to nothing.”

A LARGE force was sent on the 12th from Vienna to Graetz, where the workmen are said to have risen, and attacked the people of property.

NEW BOOKS.

VOL. XI. OF WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS, a handsome volume, at a very moderate price, from Messrs. Harper. Reader! if you will put this set of books on your shelves, and make yourself familiar with them, you will be a better patriot—a nobler man. You will elevate your moral as well as your mental nature. What we are in danger from in this

country, is not a military tyranny, but the dominion of miserable politicians, who desecrate the halls of congress and the chairs of state, and have not the decency to be ashamed of their selfish clamors for pay and office. But we hope a better time is coming, and that after our Hercules shall have destroyed “the monster party,” we may be able more fully to avail ourselves of the vast experience, the great talents, the world-wide reputation of Daniel Webster. Had his lead been followed, after the death of General Harrison, by the large party which counts him among them, we believe that many of our financial convulsions would have been avoided, and that we should have escaped the war with Mexico. But it was thought necessary to get a party triumph, and so the country has been made to suffer for years. Do not, reader, think these remarks out of place, entirely, in a notice of this book. It suggested to our own mind the names of General Taylor and of Mr. Webster. Perhaps the combination would give us, in a highly valuable degree, the qualities of Washington's administration.

“DOMBEY AND SON” has been published in a complete form by Messrs. Redding & Co., with many engravings, and very cheap.

A very good imitation of the English copy has been completed by Messrs. Bradbury and Guild.

Mr. John Wiley has also completed his edition, which forms two handsome volumes of the Library of Choice Reading.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING, and A PICTURE BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES, both from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen, and very pretty little books, have been published by Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co.

THE BOY'S SPRING BOOK, an elegant little volume, has been published by Messrs. Harper. It matches the Summer Book, Autumn Book, and Winter Book.

MR. JAMES' NEW NOVEL.—We observe that the Messrs. Harper publish to-day a new production by this prolific writer, entitled “Sir Theodore Broughton, or Laurel Water.” The tale is founded upon the terrible tragedy of Lawford Hall, in Warwickshire, which occurred some forty years ago. We hear from one who has read portions of the early sheets that it bids fair to prove one of the best of Mr. James' novels. The author alludes in a very happy manner to the criticisms of the “Bachelor of Albany,” and others, which have been supposed to refer to some of his characteristic peculiarities of style.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY & SON. New York. John Wiley.

Mr. Dickens' work, as readers generally are aware, is now completed. One or two cheap editions have already appeared, but none that compares with this in convenience of size, quality of paper, or clearness of typography. It is the handsomest edition we have yet seen, and is uniform with the far-famed “Library of Choice Reading.” It is in two volumes, and notwithstanding its superiority in paper and typography, is sold for thirty-seven and a half cents each volume. When bound it will be an ornament to any library.

ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. New York. Harper & Brothers.

The second part of a beautiful edition, Lane's new translation, already referred to with commendation.

"PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.